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[illegible] ARY

AN

EXAMINATION

OF THE

MERITS AND TENDENCY

OF THE

PURSUITS of LITERATURE.

Part First.

By [illegible] BURTON, A. M.

From the Town of Eamont Cumberland.

SECOND EDITION.

Newcastle upon Tyne:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY M. BROWN, IN THE FLESHMARKET; AND SOLD BY BELL AND SANDS, NEWCASTLE; CONDER, LONDON; AND THE OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

1799.

THE author has given a quotation from the Apology of Athenagoras in his title-page, which proves two things of ſome conſequence: firſt, that he quotes from memory; and next, that he does not underſtand Greek; for he has forgotten two words in the original, which are in the accuſative caſe, and given two by memory, which are in the dative: τοις εμοις λογοις επινευσατε, inſtead of την βασιλικην κεφαλην επίνευσατε. It is moreover to be wiſhed, that the author had thoroughly read this treatiſe, and imbibed ſome of the mildneſs of its ſpirit: it is the moſt candid, moderate, and intelligible, of all the apologies for Chriſtianity, and of all the writings of the Fathers.

*AVERSE to formal dedications and long prefaces, I will not treſpaſs on my reader's patience with either; and I have but one acknowledgment to make to my learned friends: To the Rev. Hugh Moiſes, late Maſter of the Free Grammar-School at Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, and late Rector of Grayſtock, in Cumberland, I am indebted for what I eſteem my greateſt happineſs; from him I firſt imbibed the love of learning; to him, therefore, I dedicate the firſt fruits of my claſſical ſtudies: for nine years of my life, I found in him all that * Quinctilian requires of a ſchoolmaſter, and many others have done the ſame. —I am happy to have this opportunity of paying a tribute of reſpect and gratitude to an excellent, but neglected man, for all that I owe him: if he does not now enjoy the reward of his merits, the ſhame is with thoſe who have never given him, but moſt with thoſe who have indirectly deprived him of preferment: yet he is rich and happy: his happineſs is in his own conſcience, and his riches are his good works; theſe no man can take from him. Tho' he is now in a ripe old age, may he yet ſee many years of honour and of comfort.*

Sic omni detectus pectora nube
Finem Neſtoriæ precor egrediare ſenectæ.

Statius Syl. 1—3.

* Lib. 2. c. iv.

EXAMINATION,

&c.

TO attempt to examine the whole of a work, which embraces ſuch a variety of ſubjects as the PURSUITS of LITERATURE, might ſeem a raſh and hardy undertaking, were I not ſatisfied that many of them are treated ſo ſuperficially as to require no great depth of reading, to expoſe to contempt the arrogance of an author who attempts to guide the public taſte, where he ſeems ſo little qualified to decide: but before I enter into a particular diſcuſſion of the merits of the work, let me not omit to expreſs my indignation, with all the force I am maſter of, to reprobate the dark, inſidious, cowardly policy of ſtabbing in the dark, thoſe whom he dares not face in open day. He pretends to be the advocate, the defender, the ſupporter of every thing that is noble and gener-

ous, of every thing that is Britiſh, of every thing that is worth preſerving in our national conſtitution and character; and he diſgraces them both, by a conduct worthy only of a ſicarious Italian, without either courage or honeſty. Does he imagine that any man regards the reproofs of an anonymous cenſor, who ſhews no title to his office, either from his character or his former exertions? Let him look to the great ſatiriſts of former times, and ſee how they acted, as he is fond of the authority of the claſſics: they publicly ſtood forward to attack vice and folly, defended by the triple armour of their own innocence; and whenever they came forth to the charge, they ſpread terror in the ranks of their enemies: they were always dreaded, becauſe they were known: had Horace, Juvenal, or Pope, concealed their names, their writings could never have outlived themſelves; after a little temporary popularity, they muſt have ſunk, where the author of the Purſuits of Literature is ſinking, into nameleſs oblivion: but now they and their authors live together; we admire them for the ſake of each other; the men, becauſe they had the courage to avow them; and the works, becauſe they required

quired it. But however our author may flatter his own vanity, his ſatire carries very little weight with it: many people read, but few regard him. Does he think that the efficacy of his book will be loſt, if his name were known, and that his only chance to be attended to is to ſneak under the fame of another? or does he fear the perſonal conſequences of his many perſonal attacks? If ſo, literature and morality will not be much benefited by a champion who dares not defend them openly, as they have a right to be defended. The book, it is true, has gone through eight editions; an extraordinary number for a work which is partly literary, and dragged down too by ſuch a dead weight of quotations: but its reſiſtance to theſe diſadvantages is in a great meaſure owing to the political matter it contains, and the number of individuals it attacks; for ſome people have a great deſire to ſee what is ſaid of them in print; and others are not leſs deſirous to ſee what is ſaid of their acquaintance, particularly if it is ill-natured: but let not the author be proud of this circumſtance; for it is no more a proof of public approbation, than the crowds that attend

" ditions to the poetry and notes, as cir-
" cumſtances aroſe to prompt or to require
" them." This is proof that much needs to be, but not that much has been, amended. Let me aſk the author, *en paſſant*, if it is permitted, by the rules of punctuation, to begin one ſentence with a capital letter before another is finiſhed?

" It will be ſeen, however, that, by omiſ-
" ſions and alterations, I have expreſſed a li-
" beral concern for my *unintentional* miſtakes,
" with the ſpirit and breeding of a gentle-
" man." There are other things required of a gentleman, which he has not done, while he has done thoſe things which he ought not to have done: he has yet much ill breeding to atone for. Such is our author's luſt for quotation, that it is as impoſſible for him to write a page without it, as for a hardened ſnuff-taker to be ten minutes without a pinch. Let me adviſe him, however, always to ſtick to the text, and not, when a paſſage makes directly againſt him, attempt to turn it his own way, as he has down the following from Johnſon's Debates: " The heat which has offended them
" is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal

" for

" for the ſervice of my country, which " neither hope nor fear ſhall influence me to " ſuppreſs. I will not ſit unconcerned when " (PUBLIC) LIBERTY is threatened or in- " vaded, nor look in ſilence upon *(intended)* " PUBLIC ROBBERY. I will exert my en- " deavours, at whatever hazard, to drag the " aggreſſors to juſtice, *whoever may protect* " *them*, AND WHOEVER MAY (ULTIMATE- " LY) PARTAKE OF THE (NATIONAL) " PLUNDER." Here, by the help of one alteration, three inſertions, and two omiſſions, he has twiſted the paſſage, or, as he calls it, applied the ſpirit of it to his purpoſe.—This is a new mode of quotation, which, if generally adopted, will be ten times more dangerous than the ravages of criticiſm, for that ſeldom extends beyond a word at a time, but this will in the end pervert the ſentiments of an author ſo completely, that he may be made to ſpeak any man's opinions but his own; nay, even the moſt oppoſite.—I intend to do the author a favour which he has no right to expect, but as it is meant for the public, and not for him, I do not aſk his thanks: as his quotations are in general very looſe, ſome without references, ſome with references

ences very insufficient, I will supply them as far as they are to be supplied; for many, I suspect, are of his own making, as he seems fonder of Latin and Greek than his own language: I will at the same time point out their errors.

"Διὰ Ευφημίας καὶ δυσφημίας." 2 *Cor.* vi. *ver.* 8. In the motto to the introductory letter he has given a long quotation from Tasso, which, as it stands, appears to have been taken regularly from the Poet, without any other words intervening; but it is not so, there are no less than two whole stanzas between them: this licence may be permitted, when, as in this case, the meaning is not altered; but in other cases, of which I will give many instances, it is dangerous, because an author may be made to say what he certainly never intended; but though the meaning is evident, the force of its application is not so easily seen, unless the author wishes it to be understood that he has any thing to do with the powers of the lower regions, to whom the words of the magician are addressed. In the three first paragraphs of the introductory letter he seems to glory in his shame, when he exults in the impossibility of finding him out: in spite

ſpite of all that he may ſay to the contrary, I am of opinion that it is not the work of one man: his word will go for nothing, becauſe no man can tell whoſe word it is. He has only one method of diſproving conjectures; till he adopts that, every man's conjecture will have the weight it ſeems to deſerve. If I am not miſtaken, I am juſtified in applying the words of Martial to one of the perſons concerned—

————Facile eſt Epigrammata belle
Scribere, ſed Librum ſcribere difficile eſt.

Lib. 7. Ep. 84. ad Sabellum vanum Poetam.

I might add too, that it is eaſier to make ſpeeches—the doctor underſtands me.

" I always thought with Junius, that a " printed paper receives very little conſider- " ation from the moſt reſpectable ſignature; " but I would not be underſtood to inſinuate, " with that great and conſummate writer, " that *my* name would carry any weight " with it." Our author ſeems here to miſtake the queſtion; it is not whether a book is of more or leſs value with or without a name, but whether it is honeſt for any man to conceal his name from thoſe whom he attacks. The authority of one anonymous writer can never juſtify another.

" Criticiſms and diſſenting conjectures on " the ſubject are alike the object of my in- " effable contempt. More ſagacity muſt be " exerted than the *Ardelios* of the day are " maſters of, who are ſo kind as to think of " me, who moſt certainly never think of " them. It is however my reſolution, that " not one of theſe idle conjectures ſhall ever " be extended to *you*. ' *Quid de me alii loquan-* " *tur, ipſi videant ; ſed loquentur tamen.*'* It is " a voice ; nothing more. Prudence indeed " ſuggeſts a caution which I unwillingly " adopt, and reſtrains the eagerneſs I feel for " the diſplay of *your* virtues and of *your* ta- " lents. But thoſe virtues muſt at preſent be " left to the teſtimony of your own con- " ſcience ; and your talents within thoſe " limits of exertion, in which an undiſcern- " ing ſpirit has too long ſuffered them to be " confined. The bird of day however al- " ways looks to the ſun."—By diſſenting conjectures, does he mean conjectures of the Diſſenters ? I ſuppoſe not ; though from the contempt he expreſſes, I might think he did. If he means conjectures differing from each other, he ſhould have ſaid diſcordant conjectures :

* Cic. Somn. Scip. Sect. 7.

tures: to diſſent, means to differ from any ſingle opinion as a ſtandard to others. Why did he write ardelios with a capital letter? and why did he not tranſlate it into buſy bodies, among his other tranſlations? for it is as little intelligible to thoſe who do not underſtand latin, as any other latin word; and it is not every body that has read Martial, or remembers Phædrus: if he never thinks of theſe curious people, why talk of them, if his vanity is not a little gratified by exciting curioſity? and yet even his friend he is deſirous ſhould be talked of; for to keep a thing a ſecret is rather an odd way to prevent conjectures: but why not let the gentleman diſplay his own talents, if he likes it? and if does not, why not let him alone? by the bird of day, I ſuppoſe he means the owl, or bird of night, like *lucus a non lucendo;* for there is no other bird that reſembles our author and his companion in darkneſs. If he wiſhes completely to puniſh him for not publiſhing his works, he need only uſe the revenge of Auſonius, and tell him,

Qui ſua non edit carmina, noſtra legat.—Epig. 34.

If he will not publiſh his own works, let him read mine.

In the quotation from Cicero, he has ſub-

 ſtituted

ſtituted the word *me* for *te*—a ſlight difference, but proper to be remarked, that it may be ſeen where he has quoted an author literally, and where he has only adapted him.

" And when I have commanded a ſilence " within my own breaſt, I think a ſtill ſmall " voice may whiſper thoſe gratulations, from " which an honeſt man may beſt derive com- " fort from the paſt, and motives for the fu- " ture action." The ſilence is not within his own breaſt, for there the matter is known, but to the world. The words ' ſtill ſmall voice' are not marked as a quotation, though they are taken from 1 *Kings* xix. ver. 12.

Before he claims the character of an honeſt man, let him reflect whether any thing can be honeſt which ſhuns the light; and as to his comfort, I do not envy him,—the comfort of having made miſchief and quarrels.

" The wayward nature of the time, and " the paramount neceſſity of ſecuring to this " kingdom her political and religious exiſt- " ence, and the rights of ſociety, have urged " and ſtimulated me, as you well know, to " offer *this endeavour* to preſerve them, by a " ſolemn, laborious, and diſintereſted appeal " to my countrymen."—The political exiſt-

ence

ence of a nation, ſignifies her exiſtence as a political eſtabliſhment of men living together in civil ſociety, but they may exiſt as a nation without a religious eſtabliſhment; therefore the expreſſion is faulty, it is inappropriate; the rights of ſociety do not depend upon any form of government: the Poles are the only people who have loſt their political exiſtence as a nation during the preſent conteſt. That his appeal is ſolemn, no one will deny; that it is laborious, appears from his manner of writing; but that it is diſintereſted, we have no evidence.

" *Vitæ eſt avidus, quiſquis non vult, mundo* " *ſecum pereunte, mori.*"—This is one of the quotations to which our author has left me to ſupply the reference; it is taken from the chorus to the fourth act of Seneca's tragedy of Thyeſtes.

" Yet I ſee, with ſorrow and fear, the po-
" litical conſtitutions of Europe falling a-
" round us, or crumbling into duſt, under the
" tyrannical Republic of France."—In moſt quarrels which laſt a long time, the original ground of diſpute is apt to be forgotten; ſo it is in the preſent conteſt: the French have forgot that they were urged to the war in defence

defence of their liberty; and the coalition on the continent has forgot that they undertook it for the defence of deſpotiſm.—Let the author remember the original motive of the war, and he will ſee why the political conſtitutions of Europe are crumbling to duſt, day by day.

" She has indeed terminated in the change " or overthrow of each of them, *but of this* " *kingdom.*"—Does our author mean to ſay, that we have experienced no change ſince the commencement of the war? he will doubtleſs ſay it is for the better, and I ſhould be ſorry to differ from him on ſo *nice* a point. 'Each' is an improper word, it ſhould be *all; each* means *either of two* in proſe.

" Frenchmen were always brutal, when un- " reſtrained." So will all nations, who have been long reſtrained; for the natural ſucceſſor of deſpotiſm is anarchy. Let me here aſk the author, whether it is more conſonant to the ſpirit of chriſtianity to lament and endeavour to ſoften; or to exult in, and enflame national antipathies? Philoſophy weeps over, and wiſhes to alleviate the miſeries of mankind; and is chriſtianity leſs mild, leſs gentle and benevolent?

Our

Our author's ſtile is a tiſſue of quotations. in the next ſentence. The whole of this metaphor is borrowed from *Jeremiah* v. 8. and is highly poetical, both in language and idea; for the prophets, we all have heard, were poets.

" And when their cruelty is at laſt wearied " out and exhauſted, and demands a pauſe, " they call it clemency." Here we have 'and' beginning a ſentence again; which, though juſtified by many examples, is certainly improper; for a word, whoſe only uſe is to connect a ſentence, ought never to begin one. The ſentiment here is borrowed from Tacitus's Life of Agricola, ſect. 30.— *Ubiſolitudinem fecerunt pacem appellant.*

" France had been long looking for that " which *her philoſophers* had taught her to " term, the PARALLELISM OF THE SWORD; " and ſhe has found it. That ſword has in- " deed ſwept down not only every royal " creſt, but every head which raiſed itſelf " above the plain of their equality." In which of the French philoſophers our author has found the 'paralleliſm of the ſword' recommended, I will thank him to point out to me; I have not yet read him. As to their equality,

equality, I am afraid he does not comprehend it: it is not equality of riches or of poverty,—but equality of rights, ſecured by equality of repreſentation; and while that principle is preſerved as the fundamental article of their written conſtitution, and called into action once in every year, Frenchmen cannot long be ſlaves, but by their own conſent; and though they have given their executive government great ſtrength to cruſh internal factions and conduct external war, yet the people have not ſurrendered their power for ever; it is ſtill within their reach, and after a peace will be ſoon reclaimed.—Their affairs are now in a critical ſtate, yet I will apply to their famous Republic theſe words, from *Racine's Mithridate.*

Plus il eſt malheureux, plus il eſt redoutable.

Act. i. Scene 5.

'My ſentence is for open war.' So ſpake the bloody Moloch; for the illuſtration of whoſe character, I refer my readers to the note on Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book ii. l. 43. to try if they can find any reſemblance to that of our author, when he ſpeaks of war.—Whatever may be his opinion, there are others who think we ſhould have been ſafer

if

If the experiment of peace had been tried, allowing both ſides to have been doubtful: in my opinion no man is a chriſtian who will not ſacrifice every thing to peace; ſuch is the literal acceptation of chriſtianity.

" Among the bands and aſſociated ener-
" gies of England I alſo, in my degree and
" very limited capacity, will ſtruggle for the
" principle of her life."——This affected phraſeology is derived from a newſpaper called *The World*, which ſome years ago infected our language with new and awkward combinations of words; but this is not our author's only model, he has looked up to Junius,—but greatly has he failed.

" I feel, in common with the wiſe and re-
" flecting, that the conſtitution of Great-
" Britain, even with its real or apparent
" defects, is worthy of continuance, and I
" hope of perpetuity." To confeſs that our conſtitution has real defects is honeſt; but to wiſh to perpetuate them is more than fooliſh, it is wicked.

" Our anceſtors in 1688 once adopted the
" words of the aged patriarch, 'We have
" bleſſed it, yea, and it ſhall be bleſſed.' In
" this one reſponſe, I truſt we ſhall all be

" orthodox; and with one heart and voice " condemn all the hereſies of Gallic policy, " in the words of the Alexandrian liturgy of " old,—Των αἱρεσιων καταλυσον φρυαγματα."——The quotation is from *Geneſis* xxvii. 33. but the bleſſing is worn out: whether we are orthodox in our bleſſings or our curſes, is now of little conſequence; but it is well when we diſguiſe the vulgarity of the latter in Alexandrian or any other Greek; it ſhews ſome idea of ſhame.

" Government and Literature are now " more than ever intimately connected."—Should our author mean to ſay that every government ought to feel the force of literature, I will agree with him; but if he means that literature ought to feel the force of government, there we totally differ. I might enlarge on this ſubject, if I felt at liberty to expreſs my ſentiments; but the times of diſcuſſion are paſt, we muſt now all think alike.

" I thought it juſt and right to ſet before " them excellence oppoſed to excellence, * " as well as error contraſted to error. In the " preſent

* " Αγαθος αγαθοις αντιξεταζειν." Dion. Halicarn. ad Cne. " Pompeum de Platone Epiſt. p. 757. Sect. 1. Vol. 6. " Ed. Reiſke. 1777.

" preſent change of manners, opinions, go-
" vernment, and learning, you may remem-
" ber I gave it as my opinion, in which, after
" ſome reflection, you concurred, that a va-
" riation is now required in the mode of
" conducting ſatirical writing. I mean, by
" calling in the reciprocal aſſiſtance of poetry
" and proſe in the ſame work, for the great
" end; if it is deſigned for general peruſal,
" and an extended application. I think this
" work is the firſt attempt of the kind, in the
" ſenſe which I propoſe."—Does he mean to compare the dull malignity of his own work, with the lively, piercing, candid criticiſm of *Dionyſius?* does he mean to ſay that he has followed his good-natured example in ſhewing the beauties of authors before their defects? every page of his book deſtroys the pretence: I will ſhew many inſtances where he has ſpoken only of the *faults* of a writer, without ſaying a word of his *merits* or his *beauties*. There is in this ſentence the ſame want of connection with the reſt, which is to be found in every page of his work. In the quotation, Αγαθυς αγαθοις αντεξεταζειν, there is the ſlight variation of αντεξεταζειν for αντεξεταζων. *Contraſted to*,

is not Engliſh; it ſhould be, *contraſted with*, good Mr Critic. For what cauſe is it that our author muſt now vary the mode of ſatirical writing, which has been in uſe, with few exceptions, from the time of Ennius to the preſent day? was the ſatire of Juvenal and Perſius not ſufficient for the correction of Roman vices? or, are ours greater? I truſt not; the true cauſe of the change is evident: our author had not room, nor power enough in verſe to indulge his private malignity in the detail of anecdote and ſlander: but in truth this is not entirely a new mode of ſatire; the union of *poetry* and *proſe* is as old as the times of *Varro*, and revived by the authors of the *Satire Menippeé*, a coarſe ſatire againſt the framers and adherents of the league formed in 1593, by the Guiſes, againſt the Proteſtant party in France. To him this may be the only literary ſupport left; but I truſt we have yet men of ſufficient genius to defend the cauſe of virtue and morality, without tranſgreſſing the bounds of legitimate ſatire: but mark,—he wiſhes his ſatire to be extenſively underſtood, and then come two Greek lines for general peruſal; *for the great end*, is an odd expreſſion, and ſnaps off the ſentence rather awkwardly. " I

" I know not whether I am miſtaken, but " as it appears to me, the power of legitimate " ſatire thus extended, and ſtrengthened with " the rampart of proſe, and fully underſtood, " is the beſt, if not the only literary ſupport " left." The miniſters laugh at our author's fortifications, which are but mole-heaps compared with the ramparts they have raiſed.*

" I am ſure it cannot be conſtrued into an " *hired ſervice.*" If he is, it is more than any body elſe can be: he is perpetually vaunting his own independence, his own conſequence, and his own talents: it was not thus that Junius amuſed his readers; he was wiſer: he knew that no anonymous writer can have credit for more than is evident, which are his talents; therefore he left all the reſt unſaid, but of thoſe he had ſome right to boaſt.

" It is as true in our time, as in that of " Dryden, (I will give you his own words) " that ' the common libellers of the day, are " as free from the imputation of wit, as of " morality.' Satire has another tone and an-

" other

* This ſimile ſeems to ſuit our author exactly: he works under ground like the mole, and has thrown up a few heaps of dirt, which are too trifling either for annoyance or defence.

" other character." This quotation from *Dryden's Dedication of his Tranſlations of Juvenal and Perſius*, p. 164. ed. 1760. 4th vol. octavo, is rather awkwardly introduced, becauſe only the word *libellers* anſwers his purpoſe: he means merely to ſay, that ſatire is no libel; but the quotation ſays much more, which he could not leave out. In the language of an *apoſtle* he ſpeaks of the office of a *ſatiriſt*,—' *Magnificabo apoſtolatum meum.*' Rom. xi. 13. Is not the ſtile rather too high?

" Learning is oſtentation, cenſure is ma-
" lignity." The conſtant and ill-judged obtruſion of learning *is* oſtentation; and cenſure does proceed from malignity, when it is not impartially beſtowed.

" The authoriſed inſtruments of lawful
" war are lawful." This is what the logicians call arguing in a circle: the war is lawful, becauſe the weapons are lawful, and the converſe, without proving either to be ſo. Throughout the whole of this paſſage, which is too long to inſert, he is appriſed of the objection that all ſatire is contrary to the letter and the ſpirit of Chriſtianity; and he has not attempted to anſwer it, but artfully taken another poſition, and attempted to juſtify it from

from the authority of the community. To the bleſſing which is pronounced on the meek, he can lay no claim, nor to that on the merciful, nor on the peace-makers, for neither meekneſs, mercy, nor peace, are among his good qualities: but he is determined to be the means of enſuring a bleſſing to others whom he has reviled, and perſecuted, and ſpoke all manner of evil againſt, falſely, for Chriſt's ſake; which are all who differ from his own faith; we have heard the judgment pronounced on him who calleth his brother a fool, and we have heard how many he has called both fools and rogues; we are commanded to love our enemies; but he does not even love his friends.* Judge not, that ye be not judged, Matt. vii. 1. cuts up all his ſatire by the roots.—'Thou hypocrite, firſt caſt the beam out of thine own eye;' but I will purſue theſe charges no further; they are ſufficient to condemn him with any one who takes the goſpel literally; and who has authoriſed us to give it another meaning? Jeſus Chriſt followed literally what he preached to others.

" Satire

* Matt. v. 44. & Note (*b*) Dial. 2d.

" Satire never can have effect, without a " perſonal application." I agree with him that ſatire loſes its effect when not addreſſed to individuals, for what is general no man will apply to his own character, if it is againſt him; but an author who names others, is bound by the laws of honour and honeſty to give his own name: if he advances what is falſe, the law will puniſh him; if what he knows to be true, he ſhould be allowed to prove it: then all is fair to both parties.

" It never has its full force, if the author " of it is known or ſtands forth; for the " unworthineſs of any man leſſens the " ſtrength of his objections. This is a full " anſwer to thoſe who require the name of " a ſatirical poet."——If this is true, the ſatiriſts of former times have done little good, and our author muſt be the moſt efficacious that has ever written; but even his dogmatical ſtile will not convince the public that they have not a right to know the name of every author; and it is far from a full ſatisfaction to thoſe who ſuffer an injury, to be told it is for the public good that they ſhould not know from whom it comes; to be both criminal and judge is rather too much at once.

" But

" But I may aſk with confidence,—Is " there, in this work on the Purſuits of Li- " terature, any ſentence or any ſentiment, " by which the mind may be depraved, de- " graded, or corrupted? Is there a principle " of claſſical criticiſm in any part of it, which " is not juſt and defenſible by the greateſt " maſters of ancient and legitimate compoſi- " tion?" I anſwer, that the whole tendency of his book is to deprave, degrade, and corrupt: to inculcate that men and ſtates are no longer ſubject to improvement, that moral and political information are at a ſtand,—is to prepare them for ages of darkneſs and error. Human nature cannot ſtand ſtill:—*Non progredi, eſt regredi.* The faults of his criticiſms I will afterwards point out.

" Is there any paſſage which pandars to " the vitiated taſte, or to the polluted affec- " tions and paſſions of bad men?" For his purity and his puerility, I recommend him to the readers of *Martial's Coſconius:*

At tua, Coſconi, venerandaque ſanctaque verba,
A pueris debent, virginibuſque legi. Lib. iii. ch. 69.

" Is there any idle, depreciating declama- " tion againſt the real and ſolid advantages

" of birth, fortune, learning, wit, talents,
" and high ſtation?" But he has neglected to ſhew what are the real and ſolid advantages of birth and fortune.

" If they are inclined to *indict* any part of
" my work as *libellous*, it will be incumbent
" on them to contradict the great ſage of
" the law, * who declares, that *In a* CRIMI-
" NAL PROSECUTION, *the tendency which all*
" *libels have to create animoſities and diſturb the*
" *publick peace*, IS THE WHOLE *which the law*
" *conſiders*." Since he has appealed to Blackſtone, by Blackſtone he muſt be tried; and Blackſtone will condemn him. Can any thing tend more to create animoſities and diſturb the public peace, than anonymous ſatire extenſively applied, and extenſively diffuſed? Does not he, who feels that he is injured in his character or fame by an enemy in ſecret, look with ſuſpicion and diſtruſt on every man he meets? Is not the confidence of familiar intercourſe mortally wounded, when no man of any celebrity can feel at eaſe in any company, leſt the man that ſits next him ſhould be the man that has defamed him? the ſatiriſts of old were known and

* Blackſtone's Comment. book 4. ch. 11.

and avoided by the vicious and the fooliſh, who could cry out when they ſaw them, *fœnum habet in cornu*;* but now even the virtuous are not ſafe from the danger of being miſrepreſented. Let the author boaſt of his zeal and public ſpirit, his love of the conſtitution, his purity and benevolence, yet I will venture to affirm, that no Jacobin that ever wrote, has done ſo much to injure private happineſs and diſturb the peace of ſociety, than this zealous advocate of virtue and morality.—When he ſpeaks of public books, he ſhould not include the Priapus, which was never publiſhed.

" In this work, I have not violated the " precepts of Chriſtianity, or the law of the " land; and till I have done both, or either, " it is not in the power of any man to de- " grade my character and reputation with " my country." That he has not violated the precepts of chriſtianity is falſe; for its great precept 'do unto others as you wiſh them to do unto you' is violated by anonymous ſlander; but as its language is not always ſo gentle, our Saviour's reproofs of the Phariſees are the model he has choſen for the

* Horat. Sat. 1. lib. 4. l. 34.

ſtile of his cenſure: with reſpect to the law of the land, it is not known how far a man may go without being deemed libellous.

" If I have drawn any ſuppoſed charac-
" ters, without a name or deſignation, I have
" done no more than Theophraſtus or La
" Bruyere." He has done much more than theſe writers, for he has mentioned many individuals by name, and drawn characters of others whom he durſt not name, which no one can poſſibly miſtake.*

" The '*ſume ſuperbiam*' † of a poet is
" ſeldom ſeverely examined. It is an ex-
" travaganza at moſt, and underſtood as
" ſuch." But the '*ſume ſuperbiam*' of an anonymous writer is truly ridiculous; it is an extravaganza, and laughed at as ſuch.

" I may add, that it would be difficult to
" analyze one of the moſt finiſhed ſatires in
" our language, I mean Pope's Two Dialo-
" gues, or, as they are ſtrangely called, The
" Epilogue to the Satires." I do not ſee why they are called the Epilogue, more ſtrangely, than the other dialogue is called the

* *Vide* Note (*o*) to Dialogue 2d. and the Character of Dr Moroſophos.

† Horat. Od. lib. iii. p. 30. v. 14.

the Prologue to the Satires; for prologue an epilogue are no more than introduction and concluſion of any performance.

" I am repreſented as having threatened " any perſon who makes enquiry after me " or my name." He has threatened: when he ſays, to thoſe who enquire after his name, ' there is a darkneſs which may be felt,' what is that but to ſay, he will make them ſuffer for their temerity.

" I maintain it boldly; no man has a right " to demand either my name or my ſitua- " tion." For an anonymous writer to talk of his boldneſs, is rather ludicrous; but notwithſtanding this, I maintain it with more than equal boldneſs, that every man has a right to know by whom he is injured or inſulted.

" For I believe I have no real enemies, but " the lovers of confuſion and the troublers of " ſtates." It is not eaſy here to ſee the force of this ſentence as an inference, nor its truth, as a ſimple propoſition; I believe, it is in my power to tell him of many whom he has made his enemies, who never have lain under the imputation of being *troublers* of *ſtates*, or *adverſaries to any eſtabliſhment*.

" If

" If I am forced indeed to deſcend into the " lower regions of ſorrow and confuſion, " among the perturbed ſpirits of anarchy " and democracy, I ſhall hope for the ſafe " conduct of the Sibyll. She might produce " the branch to the ferryman of France and " Tartarus. I would wiſh her to exhibit " this Poem, as the ' Donum fatalis virgæ, " longo poſt tempore viſum." Into what ſtrange confuſion does his itch for quotation lead him: firſt he is *Diomede* before the walls of Troy, then he is *Eneas* deſcending to hell: But in this laſt character, I doubt, his branch will be of little uſe to him, for it is not a branch of olive.

" My book is open to all the accumulated " ſeverity of public criticiſm, and public re- " prehenſion. I ſhrink from neither of them. " When I am wrong, (I have never been ſo " intentionally) I will correct myſelf, and I " have done ſo frequently. In a field ſo ex- " tenſive, candour, I think, will allow that " my miſtakes have not been very numer- " ous." It is not his miſtakes that will bring upon him the accumulated ſeverity of public criticiſm, but his intentional faults, the egotiſm and arrogance of his manner, the affect-

ed

ed pompoſity of his ſtile, the bigotry of his principles. *Verſification*, does not ſignify *verſe*, as our author has uſed it, but the *ſtructure* of *verſe*; at leaſt I apprehend ſo.

" I offer the poetry to thoſe who are con-
" verſant with the ſtrength, ſimplicity, and
" dignity of Dryden and Pope, and them
" alone. I ſubmit both my Poems, 'The
" Purſuits of Literature, and The Imperial
" Epiſtle,' in this ſpirit and with this confi-
" dence to the public. There are men and
" women too) who underſtand. But as to
" the lovers of exotic poetry, I refer them
" to the Botanic Garden of Dr Darwin. My
" plants and flowers are produced and che-
" riſhed by the natural invigorating influ-
" ence of the common ſun; I have not raiſ-
" ed them by artificial heat." To ſpeak of theſe qualities, belonging equally to Pope and Dryden, ſhews a want of judgment not to be tolerated in a man who ſets up for a guide of the public taſte. Dryden certainly has them all, and Pope has ſtrength and dignity; but Dryden's is the ſtrength of a doric, Pope's of a corinthian pillar; he is elegant, delicate, and refined; he is any thing but ſimple. The character of ſimplicity belongs moſt

moſt to Parnell of any poet in our language, and among the ancients to Theocritus. Has Pope any reſemblance to theſe writers? I think not. If our author does, I am ſorry to differ from him: But I differ from him yet more, if *he* thinks he poſſeſſes any of the qualities as a poet, he has juſt enumerated; and it is ſomewhat ſingular, that all the faults which he has attributed to Dr Darwin's poetry, are to be found in his own proſe, which is a garden of exotics from all countries.

" I would ſhew, that I am ſtrictly impar-
" tial." Does he underſtand what the word impartial means?

" It is to miſunderſtand or to miſrepreſent
" me, when it is aſſerted that I attack alike
" friends and foes. I attack not man in his
" *individual* capacity." This is falſe; for he has attacked many men for things which relate to them only as individuals, witneſs Pepper Arden's perſon, and Dr Lawrence's poverty. He has never been accuſed of being too ſevere on his friends; his great error is, that he is too blind to their faults.

" I will never give a proof of my ſpirit at
" the expence of my underſtanding." Let him

him rather ſay at the expence of his perſon; for I believe there are a good many cudgels ready for him.

" I would not have you, or any man, " think, that I enter into a defence of my " work, as if I thought it required one."— Matchleſs arrogance! The egotiſm and vanity of this man are beyond all bearing: it was not thus that the great ſatiriſts of former times ſpoke of themſelves. I have counted in one page, (p. 16.) the word *I* no leſs than ſeventeen times repeated, and *my* five times, which is more by two-thirds than can be found in any other writer, and twenty-two times more than any Mr *Nobody* has a right to uſe.

" My countenance is unaltered." So is that of any man who wears a maſk: the pompous egotiſm of this page is wound up by a quotation from Livy,* which, in the general ſtile of his quotations, is made out with many words of his own; as he has choſen to give only a part, I will give the reſt, and the reader may judge which beſt applies to him: the hiſtorian ſpeaks of Appius Claudius, a

 conſtant

* *Semel cauſam dixi, (vel iterum dicturus) quo ſemper agere omnia ſolitus ſum,* ACCUSATORIO SPIRITU. Liv. lib. 2. Sect. 61.

conſtant enemy and hater of the people :— ' *Tribunos et plebem et ſuum judicium pro nihilo habebat : illum non minæ plebis, non ſenatus preces perpellere unquam potuere, non modo ut veſtem mutaret, aut ſupplex prenſaret homines ; ſed ne ut ex conſueta quidem aſperitate orationis (quum ad populum agenda cauſa eſſet) aliquid leniret atque ſubmitteret : idem habitus oris, eadem contumacia in vultu, idem in oratione ſpiritus erat : adeo ut magna pars plebis Appium non minus reum timeret, quam conſulem timuerat. Semel cauſam dixit quo ſemper agere omnia ſolitus erat accuſatorio ſpiritu.*'—Lib. ii. Sect. 61. With reſpect to the propriety of quotation, I mean to ſpeak hereafter ; as to the rules of it, as eſtabliſhed by the uſe of the beſt writers, I will ſay a few words now : hiſtorical and philoſophical quotation ſhould be literal, exact, and complete, both as to the words and the ſpirit of the author, or it may be uſed to bad purpoſes : to quotation that is intended only to adorn or illuſtrate, a greater latitude is allowed ; words may be uſed with a different application from what they had originally, and the whole of a paſſage need not be produced, but then the quoter is ſubject to have the remainder turned againſt him : humorous quotation admits of ſtill greater liberty ;

liberty; a writer is permitted to do any thing but change the words, or put in others; but this our Author has not heſitated to do even in ſerious quotations, which totally deſtroys his credibility from henceforth. Another thing required in all quotations, is to be exact in the references.

" I hate deſerters of their duty, * on any " principle whatever:" and ſo do I: for once we agree. Though the cauſe of the ſeceders has been pleaded with as much argument as it will admit by that incorruptible patriot, the Rev. Chriſtopher Wyvill, it is not to be defended; the queſtion is a plain one, and reducible to a few words; let thoſe men reſign their ſeats whom circumſtances prevent from doing their duty; if they will not, let them perſevere as the apoſtle ſays, 'by honour and diſhonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true,' † 'let them fight the good fight, let them be ſtedfaſt even to the end:' ‡ it is by perſeverance only that the beſt cauſe can be gained, and ſometimes even the worſt. They occupy the place of others whom their conſtituents might chooſe; and

 they

* H. of C. Nov. 1797.

† 2 Cor. vi. 8. ‡ 2 Tim. iv. 7.

they neglect the only means that is left, during the ſilence of the preſs, of ſpeaking to the people.—Unleſs Mr Fox could have prevailed on all the reſt of oppoſition to ſecede with him, his argument of the ſanction given to the meaſures of miniſtry by a debate, falls to the ground; for they are now generally debated, though not much at length: his eloquence might have ſhewn them in their full deformity.

" But I ſuppoſe ſome Stateſmen think that " there is a laudable obliquity and a ſeaſon- " able fear. For my own part I ſhall not, on " this occaſion, invade the retreat of St Ann's " Hill, or violate the purity of Drury-Lane. " If *ſuch* Stateſmen are reſolved to free at " once, both the Senate and the Throne, the " †' Sævi Spiracula Ditis' are open to them; " they may deſcend in ſafety, and diſburthen " the land." This paſſage is in the true ſtile of its author: it is in ſome parts unintelligible, in others brutal, and in all conceited. That any man ſhould think obliquity of conduct to be laudable, is impoſſible; it may appear uſeful, but never right: his affected delicacy towards the retreat of St Ann's

† Virg. Æn. vii. 568.

Ann's Hill, only ſerves to diſplay the deep malignity of his ſentiments, againſt the moſt enlightened ſtateſmen the world can at preſent boaſt; and his alluſion to Drury-Lane is a far-fetched ſneer at the proprietor of that theatre: but when he tells us that ſuch ſtateſmen may go to the devil, if they pleaſe, he ſhews, in full light, the bitter rancour of his ſpirit, that could rejoice to deprive the world of the moſt ſplendid talents, merely becauſe they are exerted in a cauſe to which he is oppoſed. If he ſpeaks only in metaphor, it is fooliſh; if he is ſerious, it is wicked: but if the land muſt be diſburthened, let it be of thoſe by whom it has been burthened.

"On the broad general queſtion of the "time, the public eſteem has been commen-"ſurate with the royal approbation." A happy imitation of the affected phraſeology of the *World;* and a ſtrong violation of that plainneſs and ſimplicity of ſtile which the beſt writers have exemplied, and the beſt critics have enforced.

"The noble Marquis, who is no more in "office, may brood ſafely over beads and "relicks. There is ſome propriety in this "amuſement. It is pleaſing to preſerve the

"me-

" memorial of departed dignity. In my opi-
" nion, the Moor's head might have adorned
" our coin with the royal Gallick lillies,
" though the Sovereignty of France and of
" Corſica is paſſed." The malignity of the author's temper is perhaps never more evident than in this cold ſneer at the Marquis of Buckingham, for his protection of a ſet of wretched emigrant prieſts: the reſt of the paſſage requires an interpreter.

" I was not formed to wait in the anti-
" chamber of a Duke of Lerma, or a Don
" Calderone." It is not my intention to become a commentator to our author's works, or to explain his obſcure alluſions; but ſometimes, when it ſuits my purpoſe, I will purſue what he has begun, when it does not go to any great length; to many of my readers it will ſave much trouble, to be told that the Duke of Lerma was the imperious miniſter of Philip the Third of Spain. that Don Rodirigo Calderona was the miniſter's favourite; and that, after enjoying and miſuſing the utmoſt plentitude of power, they both experienced an ignominious and deſerved death.—The character of the latter is thus drawn by a living author, who finiſhed *Watſon's* Life of Philip

Philip III. ‘ His temper, naturally violent ‘ and impetuous, was unreſtrained by any of ‘ thoſe condeſcenſions and regards which are ‘ ſo neceſſary in his ſituation, to ſoothe jea- ‘ louſy and diſarm the rancour of envy; he ‘ mingled in all the intrigues of court, *he de- ‘ lighted in the exerciſe of power, his favour was ‘ the ſureſt road to preferment, and this he diſtri- ‘ buted for the moſt part, according to his own ‘ fancy and caprice, and without any regard to ‘ merit or pretenſions;* he had audiences as if ‘ he had been a ſovereign prince, held fre- ‘ quent conſultations, and ſhared, in one ‘ word, the adminiſtration of public affairs ‘ with the Duke of Lerma. The haughti- ‘ neſs and impetuoſity of Don Rodirigo was ‘ contraſted, by the decent moderation which ‘ appeared in the whole conduct and deport- ‘ ment of his father.’ Vol. ii. 156. I will only add that two years of impriſonment ſoftened his temper, and that his patience under his afflictions caſt a luſtre on his latter end, which never brightened his proſperity. Our author, I ſuppoſe, has never heard of him but in Gil Blas, for he ſpells his name with an *e* at the end; hiſtorians who underſtand Spaniſh, with an *a*.

“ But

" But if the laurel, which I have *now* " planted, ſhould thicken round the temple " of my retirement, the pillars will ſupport " it. The materials are ſolid, and the ground " is firm." For ever writing in metaphors: the materials of his temple, as well as the laurel, I ſuppoſe, are meant to allude to his character and talents; if ſo, what confuſion has he created, with his pillars, and his temples, and his laurels, which, in one paſſage, are to mean the ſame and different things?

" I have indeed a few memoirs by me, " written in other days and with other " hopes, and if I could poliſh the ſtile, and " reduce them a little into form, I am con- " vinced they would not be unintereſting.— " 'Le Roi et ſes Miniſtres peutetre ſe fai- " roient lire ces Memoires, qui aſſurement ne " ſont pas ceux d'un ignorant.' But let this " paſs for the preſent." This paſſage is another proof of his high opinion of his own conſequence, and his quotation is another inſtance of his talent in that way; it is of his own making, for I neither find nor remember any ſuch paſſage in Gil Blas, the book he quotes. Theſe memoirs will, perhaps, let us into a ſecret; for it will be difficult

cult for him to publiſh memoirs, without letting the world know who he is, or leading to ſomething that may betray him.

" I am for practicable politicks. I would " not be driven into meaſures from which " there is no retreat. I ſmile when I am told " of love and hate in politicians and mini- " ſters. Theſe are paſſions which they never " felt. Circumſtance alone unite and ſepa- " rate them." A happy ſpecimen of ſtile; five ſhort ſentences together: there is at times an oracular brevity in the author's manner, which he wiſhes to have thought conceals ſomething, to give him conſequence. —That the generality of politicians conceal their love and hatred when it ſuits their intereſt, every man knows; but that they do not feel theſe emotions as well as other men, our author has for the firſt time diſcovered: he looks only to the preſent miniſtry, and thinks he is drawing a character of human nature, at all times. That they do not love nor hate each other, is true; but that there are no men whom they do not hate, is falſe. —" Suffers the nature of an inſurrection." *Julius Cæſar*, act ii. ſcene 1.

" I look around me. I look to human ac-

" tions,

" tions, and to human principles. I conſider
" again and again, what is the nature and
" effect of learning and of inſtruction; what
" is the doctrine of evidence, and the foun-
" dation of truth. I aſk myſelf, are all theſe
" changed? Have the moral and the natural
" laws of God to his creatures another baſis?
" Has the lapſe of fifty years made an altera-
" tion in HIM, who is declared to be THE
" SAME to-day, yeſterday, and for ever? *
" Can the violence, the preſumption, the
" audacity, the arrogance, the tyranny of
" man, drunk with ſelf-idolatry and tempo-
" rary ſucceſs change the nature and eſſence
" of GOD and of his works, by calling good
" evil and evil good? I am told, that human
" reaſon is nearly advanced to full perfec-
" tion; I am aſſured, that ſhe is arrived at
" the haven where ſhe would be.† I again
" look around me. I aſk, where is that ha-
" ven? where is that ſteady gale which has
" conducted her? I liſten; but it is to the
" tempeſt: I caſt my view abroad; but the
" ocean

* Heb. xiii. 8. By inverting the words, he has deſtroyed the harmony of the period: the apoſtle writes '*the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever:*" which is in regular progreſſion. Our author makes *to-day* come before *yeſterday*.

† Pſalm cvii. 30.

" ocean is every where perturbed. I pauſe " again. Perhaps, it is *the wind and ſtorm* " *fulfilling* HIS *word!*" Is this argument? or is it declamation? or is it not downright folly? if he can ever be brought to think that theſe things are the deeds of Providence, as, in the laſt words, he ſeems to intimate, how can he either complain or be diſmayed? The quotation is from the 146th Pſalm, and is 'ſtormy wind' not 'wind and ſtorm.'

" I reſume the reflections of ſuffering hu- " manity amid the wreck of intellect. This " was not the ancient character of Philoſo- " phy. The lovers of wiſdom, in the beſt " ages of Athens and of Rome, always diſ- " courſed with reverence and ſubmiſſion to " the Author and Governor of the world." If he means that none of theſe Philoſophers indulged themſelves in ſcepticiſm, I muſt tell him, he has yet to read Cicero's Philoſophical Works, and the lives of the Philoſophers by Diogenes Laertius. On many ſuch as theſe the light of Revelation did ſhine without enlightening them, according to our author's wiſh: and it is the boaſt of the apoſtle, 'that God had choſen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty:' 1 *Cor.* i. 27.

" If to their ribaldry they join folly and " groſs ignorance, they ſhould be driven " from our fellowſhip with contempt. The " continued labours of the arch Theoma- " chiſt of the age, the records of that perpe- " tual conflict which he maintained, during " the courſe of fifty years of a long and im- " pious life, againſt the ſpiritual *' kingdoms " of God and of his Chriſt,' and the memo- " rials of his deſolating days, will all be en- " tombed in the French Pantheon with the " mouldering remnant of his bones. †' Duſt " to duſt: aſhes to aſhes.' He ſowed unto " the fleſh, and of the fleſh he and his diſci- " ples have reaped death and corruption."‡ It was not thus that the Saviour of mankind and his great apoſtle ſought to convince the learned among the Jews and the Greeks: they preached to them patiently; they were inſtant in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon; they reproved, rebuked, and exhorted, confident of the truth of their doctrine: § and are the infidels of the preſent day, coldly to be diſmiſſed with contempt? this argues either too

* Rev. xi. 15.

† *Vide* the Burial Service; but the author, according to cuſtom, has inverted the poſition of the ſentence.

‡ Gal. vi. 28. § 2 Tim. iv. 2.

too great confidence, or great diſtruſt. Let the Chriſtian philoſopher, if he believes his religion to be true, rather imitate the unwearied labours of the arch Theomachiſt, who for fifty years never remitted his literary warfare againſt the ſtrength and the weakneſs of Chriſtianity: time only can decide whether his efforts were directed by a ſpirit of impiety or ſound wiſdom: neither our dogmatical author, nor any individual, is a competent judge of a point which requires the teſt of ages to determine. Our Saviour was crucified as a blaſphemer.

" All the minor powers of infidelity, anar-
" chy, ſedition, rebellion, and democracy,
" may *yet* be diſperſed *in England;* from their
" leaders Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Condor-
" cet, to the vulgar illiterate blaſphemy of
" Thomas Paine, and the contemptible non-
" ſenſe of William Godwin. I feel for man-
" kind when they are inſulted by ſuch wri-
" ters. I make common cauſe with my fel-
" low-creatures, and call upon them to rally
" round the conſtitution of our human na-
" ture, and to ſupport its dignity." Our author has not told us how they are to be diſperſed, but he has given us room to gueſs;

there

there is an engine which he admires more than the preſs, that might do great things; he longs to ſet it to work: it is an engine powerful for a time, but not irreſiſtible; it may ſtifle the truth, but never can ſuppreſs it; for truth has an elaſticity that will always rebound, while error can never long prevail unleſs it is ſupported; error therefore need not be ſuppreſſed; truth cannot, tho' perhaps it may never be generally prevalent.—But I will not reſt in looſe generalities; I will define what I mean by truth and error: truth is the nature and relation of things to each other; the knowledge of theſe is philoſophy, which is divided into natural and moral; the means of arriving at this knowledge, is in the firſt inſtance experiment; in the ſecond inſtruction: philoſophy, thus defined, is limited to the things of the natural and moral world: to this, error is the oppoſite. —To act according to the moral relations of things is virtue; the contrary is vice, which proceeds from ignorance. Thus have I attempted briefly to define the ſum of human philoſophy: to the moral part, if it be objected that a ſufficient motive is wanting for action, I will anſwer, that happineſs, which is the

the object of every man's conduct, is motive ſufficient; and if a ſanction is required, there can be none higher than the diſpenſation of nature. I will now return to our author, with his minor and his major powers of democracy, and remark, that with ſingular ingenuity he has included the greater in the leſſer, when he tells us, that the minor powers of infidelity might be diſperſed, from Voltaire down to Godwin and Paine; this is liberal in the deſign, and ingenious in the execution: it is a pity it is not quite intelligible.

"From writers of this character, my "thoughts are directed to the profeſſors of "*that ſuperſtitious corruption* of Chriſtianity, "which *originally* gave occaſion to thoſe at-"tempts, to which it has pleaſed Providence "to permit a temporary ſucceſs, to ſcourge "the nations of Europe. I am ſure the plain "ſimplicity of the Proteſtant religion of "England could never have ſuggeſted ſo "daring, ſo extenſive a project. I have "therefore ſpoken at large of the Roman "Catholic religion, *and* its profeſſors, *and* "the emigrants *and* French prieſts."—— From infidelity to popery, is not the common

mon tranſition, rather the reverſe; but I give our author credit for ſeeing any connection between the two. This is perhaps the moſt extraordinary paſſage in the whole book, for the arrogance, illiberality, and ignorance, it diſplays. Our author is here hand in glove with Providence: in ſhort, nothing is hid from him; he can tell to an iota the cauſes of all the great events in the world. Popery gave occaſion to the French revolution; the ſucceſs of that revolution is only temporary, and meant to puniſh the reſt of Europe who have corrupted chriſtianity, I ſuppoſe: but the beſt of all this is, that our author knows and is convinced that the proteſtant religion is plain and ſimple, that there are no difficulties in its creed, no follies in its diſcipline, no contradictions in its liturgy, and that our biſhops can boaſt an uninterrupted ſucceſſion from Chriſt and his apoſtles: ſo thought the papiſts, and ſo think they ſtill; and who is to decide between us? but I had forgot, our author is the judge, and all is right. Alas! I doubt we have no infallible criterion but time for all the opinions of men; with our author, their truth or error depends on their being eſtabliſhed or not; and

if

if he had lived in the days of popery, he muſt have died a papiſt: ſo much for his judgment. Let him conſult Longinus and Quinctilian, to be inſtructed how the ſtile of a writer is enervated by the frequent uſe of copulatives.

" From ſome obſervations I have heard " and ſeen on this part of my work, you may " remember I was tempted to think that I " had advanced ſomething new on this ſub- " ject. I am ſure the principles are as old " and as moderate as thoſe of the Reforma- " tion. I know that every page of our hiſ- " tory confirms their truth." I adviſe him not to be too forward in claiming any reſemblance to the reformers, leſt he ſhould be ſuſpected of borrowing ſome of the moderation of John Knox, of Calvin, or Elizabeth. As to the example of hiſtory, it is nothing: for how can the hiſtory of the reformation be compared to the preſent times: are the papiſts as numerous, as powerful, as ſore from recent injury, as they were then? what he has advanced on the ſubject of popery is very old, and therefore does not apply to our times.

" I only declared and pronounced ſolemnly " in the face of my country, that A COL-

" LEGE OF ROMISH PRIESTS of a religion " hoſtile in principle and in action too, " whenever it has the power, againſt the " eſtabliſhed church of his kingdom, *ſhould* " *not be ſet upon a hill*, and authoriſed and " maintained by the miniſters of the crown, " and the publick money of the land." Our author's violence againſt the Romiſh Clergy ſomewhat reſembles in ſpirit, tho' I will do him the juſtice to ſay, not in language, a coarſe invective under the quaint title of Gideon's Cake of Barley Meal; there is the ſame intolerance, the ſame narrowneſs, the ſame virulence in both: but in the heat of his zeal againſt Popery, he has overlooked the real grounds of danger, which is in the tendency our own clergy have ſhewn to a nearer connection with the Romiſh church: ſince the commencement of the preſent war they have declared what ſpirit they are of; a ſpirit which reſembles that of their papiſt brethren in former times, in aiding the deſigns of the ſtate: in unqualified terms they have preached up bloodſhed and murder; they have forgot that they are miniſters of a church whoſe foundation is peace, the church of Chriſt; and plainly ſhewn that they

they are ready to be miniſters of any church that will pay them; no matter to them how chriſtianity is violated, if it ſerve their purpoſes. In addition to this, others of them have ſhewn a ſtrong leaning towards popery in their doctrines; I allude to a ſermon preached at St Mary's, Oxford, by Henry Beſt, of Magdalen College, 1794; to a pamphlet called Hopes and Expectations, by Faulder, 1793; to a Series of Diſcourſes, by Robert Foley of Oriel College, 1795, where the ſame infallibility is claimed for the proteſtant, as for the popiſh church; to Sermons by Robert Gray, preached at the Bampton Lecture, and to the Eſſay on the church by the Rev. Mr Jones of Neyland; in all theſe there is a ſtrong tendency to unite with the Catholics on moderate principles, that is to ſay, the Proteſtants invite the Catholics to ſoften ſome of their moſt obnoxious doctrines, and they are willing to concede a few inſignificant points, for the ſake of adopting the arbitrary principles of the Catholics both in church and ſtate; but if this invitation is refuſed, they have demonſtrated that they have a religion of their own, that will equally anſwer their purpoſe. See Monthly Review for 1797, part

part 1ſt, p. 81. Their object is to deſtroy the right of private judgment on which our Proteſtant church was erected, and to prevent the propagation of religious enquiry by the means of an infallible church. If there is any ground of alarm, it is here, and our author, in the exceſs of his zeal, has not, to uſe a vulgar ſaying, put the ſaddle on the right horſe; he has neglected to accuſe our own clergy of making the firſt advances, who are therefore the moſt dangerous, and deſerve moſt to be blamed. For ſome ſtrong facts on this ſubject, I refer my readers to a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, Owen, 1796; and laſtly, for a proof of this popiſh ſpirit among our clergy, I refer to Daubigny's Guide to the Church, lately publiſhed.—Here I leave our author for the preſent on this popiſh ſubject, to dream of racks, torture, and inquiſitions: ſhould popery be reeſtabliſhed in his life time, he ſtands a chance to be firſt martyr to the *odium theologicum* of popiſh prieſts, which he has taken ſuch pains to excite; but I will ceaſe to terrify him, for between popery and atheiſm, I doubt the poor man is never eaſy day nor night.

" But, 'though I give all my goods (ſaid

" an

" an Apoſtle) to feed the poor and the diſ-
" treſſed, and have not *Charity*, it profiteth
" me nothing.' What does he mean? he
" ſurely means ſomething. Alms alone, it
" ſeems, however liberal, however extended,
" neither are, nor can be, the whole or the
" eſſence of chriſtian charity." Let us here remark how the words of the apoſtle, 1 Cor. xiii. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, are made to ſuit the deſigns of our author: he quotes a part of a paſſage, and then twiſts it to his own purpoſe, ſo that the general comprehenſive philanthropy of the apoſtle is frittered down till it means at laſt nothing but conſtitutional toleration; a meaning unknown to the extenſive benevolence of chriſtianity: remark, reader, the proceſs; he ſagely obſerves, that when the apoſtle ſpeaks of charity, he means ſomething, and that he cannot mean alms as the whole of charity; ſo far I will agree with him; but here we ſeparate, for when he talks of its being a principle of general ſafety, of diſcernment, of prudence, and of guarded virtue, he ſpeaks of ſomething ſuited to the worldly ſpirit of a politician, but not to a follower of Chriſt, whoſe precept to be wiſe as ſerpents, was not a general maxim of

worldly prudence, but a ſingle admonition to his apoſtles to flee perſecution, till they had fulfilled their miſſion, the converſion of the Jewiſh people.

" Romiſh Baronets will be buſy, and Ro-
" miſh Prieſts will meddle. Perhaps the Se-
" cretary of that Society knows, whether
" theſe hints are true and juſtifiable." If the only Romiſh Baronet who is a member of the antiquarian ſociety is conſcious of deſerving theſe inſinuations, he muſt be a weak man indeed: if he is not, I truſt he will, ſome day or other, have an opportunity of expoſing to contempt, in his proper perſon, the man who throws them out.

" If I am wrong, I fear, I muſt continue
" ſo. I have yet ſeen no argument to ſhake
" my conviction." This paſſage is a ſufficient clue to moſt of our author's opinions, moral and political; an invincible obſtinacy and conceit: he never alters an opinion he has once embraced.

" I have been under the neceſſity, at leaſt
" as I thought, of appealing for illuſtration
" to writers of all ages and in various lan-
" guages." Concerning the propriety of this conſtant appeal to other men's writings,

I have frequently had my doubts, and am now more than ever inclined to diſpute it: tho' I do not deny the advantages of a claſſical education, I muſt yet be allowed to reprobate the frequency of claſſical quotation. The antients, it is true, have left us many models in poetry, hiſtory, oratory, criticiſm, and philoſophy, which will never be ſurpaſſed either in the preſent or future ages, if we are to judge by the progreſs of the world ſince their times; but the uſe we are to derive from them is, to form our taſte and enrich our ideas, not to plaiſter our writings; for he who beſt ſtudies and underſtands, will not be moſt forward to quote them: it ſhews he has read, but not digeſted them; it ſhews that his opinions are not his own; and is a greater evidence of a good memory than a ſtrong judgment: it is moreover, in all works that are intended to be popular, an invincible obſtacle to their being generally underſtood: to tranſlate words, phraſes, or ſentiments, from another language into our own, by which it is improved, is the true end of reading the claſſics; but to tranſplant paſſages, is like patching inſtead of weaving, the one can be done by any bungler who has the materials,

rials, the other requires ſome dexterity. No point of mere opinion can be decided by quotation; for the wiſdom of the ancients is on one ſide as well as the other: it is therefore a bad ſubſtitute for argument; for it is eaſy to find a paſſage in ſome author to ſuit any purpoſe. But is quotation never admiſſible? it will be ſaid; undoubtedly it is on many occaſions: in hiſtory it is indiſpenſable, but in works merely of opinion it muſt be uſed ſparingly, and then, rather to illuſtrate than to prove. Dryden, Johnſon, and Junius, have ſhewn that genius has little need to be ſupported by quotations, and their writings may ſerve as models how they are to be uſed: our author by his prodigality of them, is bringing us back to the antiquated foppery of Jeremy Taylor and his cotemporaries, from which the vigour of Dryden, and the courtly elegance of Sprat had freed us; for they firſt gave the examples of a pure page, and a clear margin; the one had no need of pedantry, the other was afraid of it: ſince their time, we have been preſerved from this inundation of learned traſh, and the pure ſtream of genius has flowed undiſturbed by quotation, till Parr and Wakefield,

(whoſe

(whoſe names I mention with reſpect) unwiſely poured their exuberant learning thro' their richeſt pages: but let me not place theſe men by the ſide of our author for any thing but contraſt: their faults ſpring from riches, his from extreme poverty; they have no need of the aid of foreign ornament; their ſtile and their ideas have only the faults of redundancy; he is for ever on the ſtretch to be, what he can never arrive at; and as to quotation, theirs is the murmur of a gentle ſtream, compared to his, which reſembles the inundation of a torrent.

" No man ever felt the power of poetry, " if he refuſed his homage to Dante, Pe- " trach, Arioſto, and Taſſo; I mean, if their " language was familiar to him." To refuſe our homage to the Italian poets, and to our author's pedantry, are two things totally different; tho' he has choſen to put them together.

" In their primal poet there is an origina- " lity and a hardihood of antiquity." For the uſe of the word primal I refer to Johnſon's Dictionary: he ſays it may be uſed in poetry: and this is one fault of our author's ſtile; it is too poetical, too metaphorical; his

poetry is proſe, and his proſe is poetry.—

Eſt enim proxima poetis et quodammodo carmen ſolutum, et ſcribitur ad narrandum non ad probandum.

Quinct. Lib. x. 1.

" Frons læta parum et dejecto lumina " vultu." To this quotation he has given no reference; it is from the 6th Æneid l. 813.

" Ὡσπερ απο των ευωδεστατων λειμωνων αυρα τις ηδειᾳ " απ' αυτης φερεται. Such is the harmonious proſe " which diſtinguiſhes the critical writings of " the great Halicarnaſſian. Epiſt. ad Cn. " Pompeium. de Platone. Sect. 2." People of nice ears will eaſily diſtinguiſh how the harmony of Dionyſius's proſe is deſtroyed by the repetition of απ' inſtead of εξ, in the original,— the ſound and the meaning are equally injured.

" The glory of Spain, Alonzo d'Ercilla." To be the glory of Spain, as a poet, is no very great praiſe: but as I have no knowledge of the Spaniſh language, I will not venture to ſpeak of him, but refer my readers to the French *Dictionnaire Historique*, a work on which it is generally ſafe to rely for its judgment of Authors.

" I am told, I am forgiven for my Latin; " but for the Greek, not ſo eaſily. In this " parti-

" particular indeed, I am rather ſurpriſed " that no man of *wit* has ſaid of my notes, " *They are Greek invocations to call fools into a* " *circle.* Certainly there will be Halos round " the brighteſt luminaries; and it muſt be " confeſſed, that many of my notes have " ſuch a circular appearance." Had our author finiſhed with his quotation from Shakeſpeare,* he might have ſaved his credit; but to ſhew his learning, which I will prove is not very deep, he has written nearly a whole page, which is hardly intelligible: if by the 'brighteſt luminaries' he means his own writings, I fear his vanity has outrun his judgment; but what he means by his notes having a circular appearance, I hope he will explain in his next edition of the tranſlations: what any theologian has to do with the validity of his ordination, or what connection there is between ordination and Greek learning, I leave to the clergy to explain; but I believe the only Greek required for that, is the Greek Teſtament.—Next comes a fine flouriſh about the Council of Florence, which ſome theologians have never heard of: if my reader wiſhes for ſome very pleaſant information reſpecting

* As you like it. Act ii.

this Council of Florence, they will find it in Mr Gibbon's laſt volume, and ſome more particulars, which he has not related, in Hody's Account of the illuſtrious Greeks; in the Lives of Beſſarion and Chryſoloras; but our author's information is from Mr *Marſh's* tranſlation of Michaelis, vol. 2. whoſe words he has partly copied and partly confuſed, p. 168. He ſays, 'It is ſaid by many of the learned, that at the Council of Florence held in 1439, with a view of eſtabliſhing an union between the Greek and Latin churches, a reſolution was formed that the Greeks ſhould alter their manuſcripts after the Latin.' This is plain and intelligible; but hear our author, 'the Council of Florence in 1439, when the Greek and Latin churches propoſed that the Greeks ſhould alter their manuſcripts from the Latin.' It is rather ſingular that what was ſo ignominious to the one party, ſhould be propoſed by both; in a diſpute of this kind, where there was no third party to decide, both may agree; but it is not very likely that both ſhould propoſe: but as the gentleman has introduced the ſubject, I will purſue it, and tell him, and thoſe who do not know it, that no ſuch propoſal was ever either

either made or agreed to; and if he had read Michaelis a little farther, he muſt have found that it was his opinion, that the whole ſtory aroſe from a diſingenuous fiction of Eraſmus, to cover a defect of his own edition of the Greek Teſt. in which many paſſages were altered from the Latin, *vide* Mich. vol. ii p. 173 and 444 on the editions of the Greek Teſt. As an additional proof that this is an invention of Eraſmus, we do not find it mentioned by any writer of the hiſtory of that council. Mr Gibbon, whoſe erudition, penetration, and accuracy, were unequalled, has never noticed the circumſtance; ſo that it happens that this celebrated *Fœdus cum Græcis*, ſo well known to the critics, ſo far as it related to the alteration of MSS. was not known at all, and turns out to be nothing more than a forgery. But our author goes on with Michaelis, and talks of the *capita argumentorum*, in the preface to Eraſmus's edition of the New Teſtament, as if he had read it: when we examine a little further it appears he has never ſeen it, for he quotes it very pompouſly, Nov. Teſt by Eraſmus, in 1595, 5th Edition:— Now Eraſmus died in 1536, and publiſhed his laſt edition of the Teſtament in 1535.

Is

Is it not very ſingular that his error ſhould have paſſed unobſerved through nine editions? if our author takes the trouble to look over them, he muſt have remarked the inaccuracy, had the circumſtance been familiar to him.

" And if I were to adduce from the great " Eraſmus, my 'Capita argumentorum con- " tra moroſos quoſdam et indoctos' I ſhould " be reminded by Dr Parr, that I have not " the erudition of Eraſmus, *or* the gentle " manners of the ſerene Sepulveda. Mr " Knight would remand me to the Greek " alphabet, (to any one, I hope but his own) " and his modeſty would attempt ſome " jucundity from the Luſus Priapi. I will " endure them all. I have patience and pity " too." Should Dr Parr deign to think of him at all, he will, no doubt, tell him that he has not the erudition of Eraſmus; and I will tell him that he has the manners of the ſerene *Sepulveda*, who was a perſecutor and a bigot, *vide* Dict. Hiſt. but even this expreſſion he has borrowed from Michaelis, who ſays, v. ii. p. 170. 'but Eraſmus had not the gentle manners of Sepulveda'; let our author remember that the conjunction *nor*, always follows

lows the adverb *not*. I have no patience with our author; but I have pity for the public, when I ſee them impoſed on by ſuch pompous ignorance.—'In that which every joint ſupplieth' is a quotation from Eph. iv. 16.

"An obſcure writer on the Boroughs, "'The ſad hiſtorian of that tainted plain.'" —This is adapted, not quoted, from Goldſmith; who, in his deſerted village, has theſe words:

"The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain."

"He may perhaps improve in calculation; "but I think it will be ſome time before his "anti-profeſſional prattle will impoſe on an- "other boy-committee on a conteſted elec- "tion." This is a reflection on the Houſe of Commons, more ſevere than any Jacobin ever uttered: to ſay that that Houſe is partly compoſed of *boys*, and that what they decide on the moſt important points is invalid for want of judgment, is ſomething more than badinage; it is a libel on the Conſtitution, which entruſts ſuch powers to ſtriplings; but, in fact, both the law and the conſtitution are juſtified by experience in admitting perſons of twenty-one years of age to be arrived at maturity; and it is only our author's ſpleen at the honour-

honourable triumph which Mr Tierney gained by that deciſion, that can diſpute its validity. What he means by *anti-profeſſional*, he muſt hereafter explain; probably he means *extra*-profeſſional: but, after all his badinage, let any honeſt man conſult the proceedings on that petition, and ſay whether the deciſion was not given on the cleareſt principles of law and juſtice. Should the author tranſlate συνδίκον κλεανον, undoubted right, I will ſuppoſe he has never ſeen Damm's Lexicon to Pindar, who renders them *apta & conveniens poſſeſſio*, a poſſeſſion, apt or ſuitable.

" I am indeed confident, that when all the " perſonal objects of my praiſe or cenſure " ſhall have paſſed from the ſcene, this work " will be found to contain principles of go- " vernment, polity, religion, morality, edu- " cation, criticiſm, poetry, and literature, " worthy of being tranſmitted to another " age." A fine ſentence of Junius is here mangled, to be adapted to the author of the Purſuits of Literature. Dedication, page 2.

" I have indeed already ſaid much: but I " think, I have ſomething more to offer to " my country, if the bleſſings of ſtrength " and health ſhould graciouſly be extended

" and

" and continued to me." I truſt this mighty ſomething means his memoirs, which he has ſpoken of already.

" The dirty family of ſelfiſhneſs, which by " the law of Providence, defeats its own " purpoſes." This is a poetical expreſſion from Pope :

> Love, joy, and hope, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train ;
> Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain.
>
> *Eſſay on Man, Ep.* 2. *l.* 116.

" No man liveth unto himſelf," is a quotation from Rom. xiv. 17.

" Well-wiſhers to their country are, above " all things, deſirous of the ſteady light of " Literature, and of the day-ſpring from on " high.* Yet whatever they or we may hope, " the horizon may perhaps be now illumi- " nated with its departing beams." Our author is but a poor comforter at any time, but moſt of all here, if he means to have it underſtood, that his own poetry is one of the beams of literature, even in her decline.— Others will compare him to a meteor,—to a vapour which blazes for a moment, promiſes light, and leads us into darkneſs.

" But let us ſtill contemplate the glory

* Luke i. 78.

" which was caſt round other times." The glory that was caſt round other times, was far different from the ſhade with which he has attempted to obſcure the preſent; the literature, the taſte, the genius, of which he fears the extinction, were all the produce of the beſt times of liberty. Poetry can never take a daring flight, but when ſhe is free from every reſtraint: hiſtory and oratory exiſt only in the ſunſhine of freedom.

" Satirical glory." To ſhew how our author has twiſted and inverted the language, I will cite a few paſſages, and leave my reader to ſupply the reſt, of which he will have frequent opportunities: where the cuſtom of the language is to uſe two ſubſtantives, the ſecond in the genitive caſe, he has choſen to put an adjective, as in the words quoted; and, on the contrary, where the adjective is uſed, he has taken two ſubſtantives, as in the Allegory of Satire, which means ſomething totally different, and ought to be " Allegorical Satire." " Romantic memory," page 150, means " memory of romances."

" The character of Lucilius, the inventor " of Satire, was reſpected by Scipio and " Lælius. They were his friends. Poetaſters, " rheto-

" rhetoricians, and even men of high quality " and of conſular rank, were often the ſub- " jects of his cenſure." When he tells us that Lucilius attacked men of high quality and conſular rank, he ſhould imitate his example, rather than attack thoſe only who are unprotected; but when he tells us, that he was the inventor of ſatire, he ſeems to forget that the Greeks, or even the Romans, had any ſatiriſts before him: has he never heard of the Margites of Homer, nor the ſatires of Ennius? but Dryden has examined the point much more learnedly in his Dedication of the Tranſlations of Juvenal and Perſius; I will cite one paſſage from him; thoſe who wiſh for more, muſt apply to the original: 'Quinctilian and Horace muſt be cautiouſly interpreted, when they affirm that ſatire is wholly Roman, and a ſort of verſe which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the ſtandard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, ſince they ſpake of ſatire not as in its firſt elements, but as formed into a ſeparate work, begun by Ennius, purſued by Lucilius, and compleated afterwards by Horace.' Biſhop Hurd, in his introduction to the Commentary on the Art

of Poetry, though his delicacy will not permit him to contradict Horace, plainly ſhews that he did not conſider Lucilius as the inventor of ſatire, for he acknowledges he cannot be conſidered as ſuch on any other ground than that he firſt reduced ſatire into a regular, conſiſtent poem, having a ſingle and main purpoſe, and having but one meaſure: to ſee how looſely the ancients ſpoke, when they call a man an inventor, we need only refer to a paſſage in Paterculus, Lib. ii. ch. 9. where he calls Pomponius the inventor of the Atellane Plays, which Hurd proves he only firſt repreſented in the common dialect; for they had formerly never been written but in the Oſcan, or provincial language of the country. *Notes on Art of Poetry*, page 189.—"Men of high quality" is a poor expreſſion, and 'the eternity of fame,' in the next ſentence, an awkward one.

"Horace in the politeſt age, under the "deſpotiſm of Auguſtus, inſinuated himſelf "into the graces of the Emperor: yet he was "peculiarly ſtudious to mark the obnoxious, "fooliſh, or wicked characters of his age.— "He was careful not to be miſunderſtood "He noted the name, the profeſſion, and the "rank

" rank of thoſe whom he devoted to undy-
" ing ridicule, or conſigned to the eternity
" of fame." Auguſtus and Mæcenas well
" knew the value of ſuch a poet." Horace ſeldom marked the vicious or the fooliſh among the great; he had therefore no need, like Juvenal and Perſius, to diſguiſe what he meant; he was too familiar with a court, to make courtiers the ſubject of his ſatire: and let the author bluſh when he recollects the Emperor whoſe favour Horace had obtained by the arts of inſinuation and flattery;* and he exalts to the rank of a god, the ſubtle ſubverter of Roman liberty, the crafty tyrant who purchaſed power by the ſemblance of virtue, the inceſtuous paramour of his own daughter, the murderer of Cicero, and the patron of Tiberius. Tyrants do well to purchaſe the praiſes of men of talents, that they may make a decent figure with poſterity. We are here to look for our author's notions of government: Horace is praiſed for upholding the government of Auguſtus; the ſtability of government is connected with literature and poetry: this he has told us before; (*vide* page 7.) he now tells us what ſort of go-
" vernment:

* Od. lib. 3. & *paſſim.*

vernment: this is honeſt, if it is not prudent.

" In the time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal " and Perſius exerted a ſeverity without play-" fulneſs." Juvenal never publiſhed one ſatire in the time of Nero, and for one which he wrote in the reign of Adrian, he was baniſhed at the age of eighty, under pretence of receiving a military command; (*vide* his Life by Suetonius and the notes, *Edit. Pit.*) ſo much for theſe writers being either ſpared or neglected;—that their works were much circulated, (as we now uſe the word) there is no evidence.

" An interval of ages paſſed, dark and " barbarous." Has our author read many of the writings in thoſe ages which are called barbarous? if he has, he ſeems to have forgotten Chaucer, who, tho' not profeſſionally a ſatiriſt, has ſeverely expoſed the vices and follies of the times in which he lived. To the ſix poets whom he enumerates, as enjoying the fulneſs of ſatirical glory, I will add one whom he has perhaps never heard of, a ſatiriſt, who, from the difference of times, is not ſo poliſhed as Boileau or Horace, nor ſo cautious in his ſatire, for they lived under deſpots, he under the glory of monarchy, Henry IV. of France.

Reg-

Regnier has all the ſtrength of Juvenal or Perſius, and ſometimes the delicacy of Horace: he has that quick and penetrating ſpirit which pierces through the diſguiſe of forms and faſhions, and ſhews things as they really are. Boileau and Horace laugh at the exterior of vice and folly; Regnier lays them bare; he ſometimes ſees things on the dark ſide, but he who does ſo, will not often be deceived. Regnier led a diſſolute life: he is therefore ſometimes looſe in his ſentiments, but he has a vigour of thought and a ſtrength of expreſſion not equalled by any writer of ſucceeding times. Boileau borrowed, or rather ſtole from him, plentifully: the whole of his addreſs to the king is taken from Regnier; and when we conſider the two monarchs, we muſt ſoon ſee which is the flatterer: Regnier only ſends his kings to heaven, Boileau brings them thence: Regnier has nearly every requiſite for a ſatiriſt; neat and forcible in his expreſſions, ſtrong and vigorous in his ideas; humorous, gay, and ſevere: he wants nothing but the poliſh of a more refined age, to be the firſt ſatiriſt of whom the world can boaſt, in that ſtile of ſatire in which he has written; I will not ſay it is beſt adapted

ed to the purpoſe of a ſatiriſt; becauſe it generally remains unappropriated; it therefore fails to correct individuals, but it is of uſe to inſtruct, like all general principles of morality: he was the Lucilius of Roman ſatire, Boileau the Horace. Regnier's ſatires are not the whole of his works; the reſt conſiſt of epiſtles, elegies, and penitential odes; for he began towards the end of his life to feel the effects of his intemperate indulgences, in that debility and languor which are their conſtant followers. We lament his follies, and pity him for his want of prudence. He was one of thoſe choice ſpirits whoſe pleaſantry and lively talents purify the groſsneſs of licentious pleaſures, but make them at the ſame time more ſeductive; for there is a ſpecies of gaiety and humour which belongs only to intemperance; it finds no amuſement in the quiet regularity of virtue, and exiſts only in the wild ſallies of an unbridled genius. This Regnier eminently poſſeſſed, and his own epitaph is perhaps the beſt ſpecimen of it: he could joke with the moſt ſerious events of life, and even death did not find him without

an

an epigram.* Boileau was the flatterer of deſpotiſm, and the perſecutor of rival merit; he has therefore our author's higheſt praiſe; but, like much of his praiſe and his ſatire, it is undeſerved: he ſits down to write with a looſe idea of a character, and fills up the reſt from his own invention,—'a poet ſecond to none of his predeceſſors.' He was inferior to Juvenal and Horace, ſo far as he literally copies them; and where he is original, he has neither the ſtrength of the one, nor the delicacy of the other. His firſt ſatire is an imitation of the third of Juvenal; but the object of the two is different: that of Boileau is merely to ridicule a poor, diſcontented author, who rather deſerves pity than contempt: the dignified indignation of Juvenal loſes all its effect from the mouth of Damon: his ſatire is directed againſt the vices of a great and corrupt city; that of his imitator

* *J'ai vecu ſans penſement,*
Me laiſſant aller doucement,
A la bonne loi naturelle;
Et je m'etonne fort pourquoi
La Mort oſa ſonger a moi,
Qui ne ſongeai jamais à elle!

As the works of *Regnier* are now become rare, I have given my reader this pleaſant Epigram, and leave it to ſome poet to tranſlate.

tator againſt a pitiful individual, whoſe works and character are neither of them worthy of notice. The ſecond ſatire is neat and delicate; the third the ſame, but not original, for it is taken from Regnier's 10th; the fourth is without doubt the worſt; the fifth is far inferior to the eighth of Juvenal: the one marks out his objects with unerring certainty, the other lets fly his arrows at random: the one is forcibly conciſe, the other tediouſly diffuſe; the one ſhews the boldneſs of a ſatiriſt, the other the timidity of a ſlanderer—he means ſomebody, but he dare not ſpeak out. What is the feeble line—'*Je vous connais pour noble a ces illuſtres marques*,' (l. 47.) compared to the two forcible words of Juvenal, '*Agnoſco procerem?*' l. 826. The ſixth is a continuation of the firſt, and they both imitate only a part of the third of Juvenal: he deſcribes the vices as well as the dangers of the city, Boileau only the laſt; and how weak is he, compared with the force, the fire, the ſtrength, the ardour, and the dignity of Juvenal: the ſeventh is neat and light: his eighth, which is a ſatire on man, is by no means equal to Pope in his different eſſays: his ninth is his maſter-piece; the irony is delicate,

licate, the ſatire pungent; but the objects are not worthy of the weapons: the tenth is a poor imitation of Juvenal's Satire on Women: the eleventh and twelfth, with ſome brilliant paſſages, are dull and heavy: on the whole, he might be a gentleman, a courtier, and an elegant writer; but he was not a ſatiriſt, if that means a corrector of morals.

" A philoſopher without being wordy, the " friend of ſenſe and of virtue, a gentleman " in principle, independent in ſpirit, and " fearleſs of enemies, however powerful from " their malignity, or formidable from their " rank." Is this all that is required of a philoſopher? the author, I ſuppoſe, meant to ſay a great deal in a few words, and he has ſaid nothing: that he was the friend of virtue, I will not deny; but that he was the enemy of many virtuous men, will be ſeen by turning to the notes to the Amſterdam edition of his works, and the Literary Hiſtory of the Times. Independent in ſpirit that man could not be, who was the ſervile flatterer of the great: and it was no great merit to be fearleſs of enemies, whom he knew had no power to do him harm; for he was encouraged and protected by a court.

" So removed from conceit and forced " thought." Look at the lines 63 and 64 of his Addreſs to the King, and 75, 87, and 88.

" An ardent zeal for propriety in ſenti- " ment and in expreſſion." An ardent zeal for propriety of expreſſion, ſeems to be a zeal too great for its object: a man may be deſirous to expreſs his meaning with propriety, but he will hardly have an ardent zeal for it, without being ridiculous.

" Even his compliments, though rather " lofty, to Louis the fourteenth, are all con- " ceived in the language of a gentleman and " a man of genius, who feels that he is con- " ferring honour, not receiving it." I refer my readers to the addreſs before-mentioned, particularly lines 3 and 10. but if he has flattered Louis, he has not been leſs attentive to his own praiſe: he magnifies the taſk of praiſing ſo great a monarch: the inference is extremely eaſy. But he has ſpoken plaineſt in line 58, which ſhews his vanity equal to his meanneſs. Since our author has choſen to inſtitute a compariſon between him and the greateſt maſters of Satire, I alſo will go on with comparing them with him, and with each other, and vindicate the illuſtrious Romans

Romans from the unmerited degradation of being lowered to an equality with their modern imitators. Between him and Juvenal or Perſius, there is little reſemblance, either in their ſubjects or their manner. Horace laughs at the follies of mankind, they chaſtiſe their vices: Horace attacks inſignificant characters, they ſtrike only at the higheſt: Horace never goes beyond a ſneer or a laugh, they never excite a ſmile: even Pope is more bold than Boileau, though more delicate than Juvenal or Perſius; they wrote with all the ſpirit of Romans in the beſt times of the Republic, though they lived under the terrors of deſpotiſm; Boileau, too, lived under a tyrant, and his writings have the air of a courtier; they ſatirized bad men, he only bad writers: as a humorous and didactic poet, he has few equals; but, as a ſatiriſt, and a man of independent ſpirit, I have thought it right to point out our author's mis-ſtatement of his character. Whoever wiſhes to ſee his fulſome flattery burleſqued, may read our honeſt *Matt. Prior's* Tranſlation of his Ode on the taking of Namur.

" The majeſty of the French monarch, in " that cultivated age, was ſurely as worthy " of

" of homage as the *deity* of the Roman Au-
" guſtus." And both equally worthy of contempt.

" I call their language *ancient*, which ex-
" iſted before the revolution; for I ſcarce
" underſtand the modern democratic jargon.
" *Grave virus* munditias *pepulit*." That the French language has received the addition of many new terms ſince the revolution, is true; new things cauſe new words: but that the literature of France has been corrupted by theſe terms, I totally deny. Our author, I ſuppoſe, reads only the Newſpapers, to know what France is now: if he had read Peltier (partial as he is) he muſt have ſeen that neither poetry nor philoſophy are on the decline. Some of the writers in the charming Society of the *Vaudeville* are equal in gaiety, elegance, and playfulneſs of humour, to any thing produced in the beſt times of France; and in graver compoſitions, *Le Gouvé* and *Vigee* might be a credit to any age or country; the latter ſtrongly reſembles Boileau, and though he has more boldneſs, he appears to have imitated him:* but our author deſpiſes every thing that

* In addition to what I have already ſaid of France, I will here remark, that the events of the war having now nearly driven

is French too much to look at it, and yet will give his opinion of what he takes no pains

driven the French back to their own country, the poſture of affairs is materially changed, and different hopes and expectations are now to be formed: to each party there is but one line of conduct left which wiſdom and honeſty can dictate; but, alas! they ſeldom direct the affairs of the world.—Should the Allies, after having forced the French within their ancient limits, propoſe to them ſuch a peace as might prevent them again from diſturbing the tranquillity of Europe; in caſe of refuſal, they will be heartily ſupported by all their ſubjects, and ſucceſsfully terminate by the ſword, what negociation failed to accompliſh: or ſhould the French, after having ſucceſsfully defended their country from invaſion, propoſe to the nations leagued againſt them, ſuch terms of peace as may preſerve their own territory entire, and prevent their interfering with others, they will exhibit an inſtance of magnanimity and prudence which will make it difficult for any government to refuſe their offers; and if after that they ſhould give to other nations the example of a good government, on republican principles, they will do more to propagate thoſe principles than by all the efforts of the ſword: they will exhibit to the eyes and the feelings of ſurrounding nations, arguments which no force of eloquence or of arms can reſiſt: till then, thoſe nations are juſtified in reſiſting the experiment of what they deem uncertain ſpeculations, tho' they are not juſtified in uſing the means they have done to prevent their ſucceſs; but however ſuch an iſſue is to be wiſhed, for the ſake of truth, juſtice, and humanity, it is much to be apprehended that none of theſe will have ſufficient weight; for as all great changes of opinion in the world have occaſioned great convulſions, it is to be feared, that all nations have yet much to ſuffer before the preſent

conflict

to be informed in. He ſeems to have miſtaken the character of the French language, when he ſays it is *forcible* and *terſe:* it is neat and elegant, but wants a condenſation of expreſſion, which renders it ſo difficult for the French to tranſlate Greek or Latin writers, ſo as to preſerve the ſpirit of either. For the truth of this, let any man conſult thoſe parts of Juvenal or Horace which Boileau has imitated, or any of the claſſics which Frenchmen have tranſlated. His quotation from Horace is a happy ſpecimen of his miſrepreſentation:

conflict of opinions is terminated. It is more than probable that the different powers at war will contend for a great length of time, with various and alternate ſucceſs, till moſt of the old governments are worn out in the conteſt. Let it be remarked, that I here and at all times ſeparate French principles and French conduct: the principles of their conſtitution are excellent; the conduct of their rulers is execrable: they have been connected merely by accident; war is the element of the one, but peace of the other. That any thing ſo intrinſically good ſhould accidentally be connected with evil, is ſomewhat ſtrange, yet it has ever been ſo; and to what wiſe diſpenſation of things it is owing that the beſt gifts of Providence, even Monarchy and Chriſtianity, ſhould have occaſioned ſuch infinite bloodſhed and diſtreſs, it is impoſſible for finite wiſdom to diſcover; it is enough, however, to convince us, that no good can be obtained without the expence of much evil, and to make us reſigned to that power, whatever it is, that directs

ſentation: he has made him ſay the exact contrary to what he has ſaid in his Epiſtle to Auguſtus, lines 158 and 159: his words

rects the affairs of the world. (*Auguſt* 27.)—To what object the attempts of our miniſters will be now directed, it is difficult to conjecture.* Mallet du Pan has ſung the requiem of the coalition, in acknowledging that it could not be effectual without the aid of Pruſſia. Thus has the wiſdom and firmneſs of a ſtripling ſaved France from the danger of partition, his own country from the miſeries of war, and perhaps ſhortened the calamities of Europe. Within the laſt week the political horizon of France has conſiderably brightened, and that country ſeems now to have the proſpect of being repaid for all her ſufferings, by the enjoyment of a government, wiſe, virtuous, and ſteady. The path of wickedneſs has been ſufficiently trod, and muſt be diſguſting from its ſmoothneſs; ſo that the new rulers of France, ought to be virtuous, as a matter of taſte; any coxcomb can ruin a nation, but to ſave one, requires patience, virtue, and talents. To ſpeak ſeriouſly, I have ſuch confidence in the character of Buonaparte, and the men who act with him, that I believe them actuated by a deſire for the public good: they have commenced, unlike the villains who preceded them, with acts of moderation and mercy; and if they go on as they have begun, the conſtitution of France, in which there was too little connection between the executive and legiſlative powers, will be improved, and ſhe will ſpeedily be bleſſed with proſperity and tranquillity.

——————" If this fail,
" The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
" And earth's baſe built on ſtubble." *Milton's Comus.*

Should Buonaparte prove a tyrant, or a traitor, human nature is no longer to be truſted.—(*November* 28.)

* *Mercure Britannique, No.* 27.

are ' *Grave virus munditiæ pepulere.*'—This is to make a man ſay one thing, when he means another, and then call it quoting his ſentiments.

" When I name Dryden, I comprehend " every varied excellence of *our* poetry."—Our author's next praiſe is beſtowed on Dryden, the hireling advocate of any cauſe,—the ſucceſſive flatterer of Cromwell and Charles. Surely Pope had many excellencies which Dryden never poſſeſſed; and our author thinks ſo, for he tells us afterwards that he completed what was wanting in him.

" In harmony, ſtrength, modulation, " rythm, energy, he firſt diſplayed the full " power of the Engliſh language." Doubtleſs this praiſe belongs more properly to Milton than to Dryden, who came after him. As to what he calls the *Allegory of Satire*, ſee Johnſon's Life of Dryden, for his opinion of the poem which is ſo highly praiſed.

" His ſatire had an original character. It " was the ſtrain of Archilochus ſounding " the lyre of Alcæus." He had neither the virulence of Archilochus, nor the ſweetneſs of Alcæus. In his character of Pope, his language is more than uſually affected: he cannot ſpeak at all as other people do.

" He had excelled in deſcription, in paſ-
" toral, in pathetic, and in general criticiſm;
" and had given an Engliſh exiſtence in per-
" petuity to the Father of all Poetry. Thus
" honoured, and with theſe pretenſions, he
" left them all for that excellence, for which
" the maturity of his talents and judgment
" ſo eminently deſigned him." I am at a loſs to perceive, how having written paſtoral poetry is to qualify a man for being a ſatiriſt. As to Pope's general criticiſm, the juſtneſs of his precepts in his critical works has been ably diſputed by Dr Aiken, in his Letters to his Son. 'He had given an Engliſh exiſtence in perpetuity to the Father of all Poetry,' means, I ſuppoſe, that he had tranſlated Homer. 'Thus honoured.' How honoured, he has not told us. If Pope and his writings were not above our author's cenſure, he had never had his praiſe: he was too free, too liberal a writer, to pleaſe him.

" Every avenue to knowledge and every
" mode of obſervation were open to his cu-
" rious, prying, piercing and unwearied
" intellect." Prying is certainly an epithet not very honourable to Mr Pope's character, tho' it might ſuit our author's.

" His works are ſo generally read and ſtu-
" died, that I ſhould not merely fatigue, but
" I ſhould almoſt inſult you by ſuch a needleſs
" diſquiſition." This ſentence is defective: it wants ſome member; inſtead of '*ſuch a needleſs diſquiſition*,' he ſhould have ſaid, '*by a needleſs diſquiſition on them.*'

" As a diſciple of theſe great maſters,
" and full of that ſpirit which an unbroken
" and an honourable intimacy with their
" works has inſpired, I now preſent myſelf a
" votary at their temple; and in ſome mea-
" ſure clothed in the robes of their heredi-
" tary prieſthood, I would alſo enter, and
" offer my oblation at the high altar of my
" country. But if, unworthy of this hallow-
" ed inveſtment and interior miniſtry, the
" door of the ſanctuary is cloſed upon me;
" I ſhall retire without a murmur, and, with
" devotion unimpaired, worſhip in the veſ-
" tibule." Here is confuſion worſe confounded. He is a miniſter in the temple of ſatire, if any body ever heard of ſuch a temple, and yet he offers his oblations on the high altar of his country: he is at once the votary and the prieſt, and yet he doubts whether he is worthy of the ſacred inveſtment. To be in ſome meaſure clothed, is to

be little better than naked: and I doubt ſome people will ſay this is our author's caſe, as far as regards his poetical garments: but after all, his modeſty ſteps in, and, though ſtripped of his holy robes, and kicked out of the temple, he is determined to pray in the porch. I am ſorry to ſay he deſerves no better place; but this comes of being preſumptuous. The quotation at the end is partly from Statius and partly of his own making: *vide* Statius, lib. 4. 4. l. 54. where it will be ſeen how much belongs to each of the two.

Having now gone over the particulars of that part of his work which I have undertaken at preſent to examine, it becomes me to review the ſubſtance of what he has advanced, for the purpoſe of obviating more fully the effects of his doctrines. To ſay much of his politics might not now be ſafe; for the ſide he has choſen is protected by the ſtrong arm of power, ready to fall on all thoſe who differ from him. I will therefore only ſay, in general, that he ſeems to have no liberal or comprehenſive idea of government and ſociety; of the means by which they have arrived at their preſent excellence, or the poſſibility of further improvement: whatever is eſtabliſhed, is, with him, conſecrated from

the rude touch of innovation; and even the gentle progreſs of time can work no change for the better, as if the world was not a continued ſcene of change, and the experience of ages did not teach us that principles and cuſtoms, the moſt abhorrent from the ideas of one race of men, become familiar and eaſy to another. According to his maxims, hiſtory and philoſophy have nothing more to teach us; and the world, inſtead of being henceforth what it has hitherto been, (a ſeries of experiments) is now arrived at ſuch a pitch of excellence in politics, religion, and morality, as precludes the poſſibility of any further lights,—we muſt ſit down ſatisfied with what we are, and teach our children to do the ſame, or be called Jacobins, and treated as ſuch,—we muſt acquieſce with our author and his friends* in the belief of what they tell us,—we muſt read only ſuch books as they allow us,—we muſt approve what they approve, or be condemned as diſturbers of the public peace, and enemies of all eſtabliſhed government: ſuch is his liberality, and ſuch his exertions for the good of mankind. He may mean well, but he is certainly miſtaken, for the teſtimony of all ages is againſt him.

* The authors of the Anti-Jacobin and their employers.

Mankind never were the ſame in their laws, their religion, or their cuſtoms, for a hundred years together in any civilized country upon earth: even maxims that have been conſidered as fundamental, have yielded to the force of time, much leſs the fleeting forms of political eſtabliſhments. To hate and perſecute their enemies, was the religion and the policy of the Jews; to love them, was the milder precept of chriſtianity: hiſtory is but the record of perpetual change, and the analogy of nature ſeems to confirm the exiſtence of the propenſity in man: what was land once is now ſea: earthquakes and volcanoes have ſwept away cities, and the habitations of men are inhabited by beaſts: the ſeat of empire, arts, and commerce, has been perpetually changing, and is now transferred from the eaſtern to the weſtern continent; and, with all this change, the world is without doubt, on the whole, improved: yet the vanity and arrogance of one little mortal has poſſeſſed him with the belief that he can arreſt the progreſs of ſociety and of man, and make that ſtationary which Providence has hitherto made progreſſive. Vain mortal! check thy preſumptuous folly, and learn to believe that it is not for thee, nor for all thoſe who are the idols of

thy worſhip, to reſtrain the innate propenſities of thy ſpecies, to ſet thy ſeal upon the door of knowledge, nor to ſay to the ſoul of man, in the ſearch after truth, '*Thus far ſhalt thou go, and no farther.*'

The next leading feature in his introductory letter is his ſevere condemnation of all freethinkers in religion, for which I will only ſuggeſt to him the poſſibility of his being miſtaken in what he believes to be right, from the example of men who were thought to be wiſer than him having embraced as truth what we now conſider as error. More and Eraſmus were Papiſts, and believed doctrines which our author, by the help of the ſuperior lights which have been acquired ſince their times, now very wiſely conſiders as ridiculous: it may be his fate to have ſome of his opinions thought as ridiculous by poſterity.

Another ſtrong part of his letter is his zeal againſt Popery; a zeal which I have endeavoured to direct to its proper object, and to ſhew our author where the true ground of fear exiſts: he has been very violent againſt the emigrants who have fled, and the Papiſts who are tolerated here; but it is not of them that I have any dread; they do not alarm me: if

I have any fear, it is from the popery of proteſtant divines, not of French emigrants,—the popery of a church which is rich and eſtabliſhed, not of one which is in poverty and exile: it is from the doctrines of ſpiritual power and civil ſubmiſſion, now preached by the aſpiring miniſters of a church which can reward their ambition, and a government which courts their ſervices, not from the impotent and unambitious miniſters of a ſect which has no longer either power or influence; whoſe doctrines are diſregarded becauſe they are unſupported by authority, and whoſe only object is to obtain protection, not power: the whore of Babylon has loſt all her wealth and attractions, but her daughter is yet rich and admired. His frequent quotations, of which he attempts a defence, I have ſtrongly reprobated; he is appriſed of his failing, and endeavours to obviate it, by tranſlations of the paſſages he has quoted, yet not without contradicting his own opinions;* for he has laid great ſtreſs on the utility of the original words of claſſical authors, to enforce and illuſtrate what he has advanced. I will hereafter ſhew that his

* *Vide* page 26.

tranſlations are not faithful, and have conſiderably weakened the force and effect of the authors he has quoted, and that, if he underſtood them, he was determined other people ſhould not.

The faults of his critical principles will be more fully ſhewn when I have occaſion to remark them in different parts of his writings in which he has cenſured the works of others. His ſtile, if examined by any of the rules of legitimate compoſition, will be found to contain all the faults, and few of the beauties, that have been noticed by the greateſt critics: it is frigid, affected, harſh, bombaſtical, and puerile; it is metaphorical, but his metaphors are far ſought, and ill adapted; it is poetical without being harmonious; it has the uncouthneſs without the force of antiquity; it is not always intelligible, ſometimes not grammatical, and conſtantly the reverſe of ſimplicity and purity: if any man wiſhes to ſee ſome of its faults more forcibly and neatly expreſſed than it is in my power to expreſs, I will refer him to Dionyſius's enumeration of the faults of Plato's ſtile, which are numerous: *Vide* Dionyſius's Epiſt. ad Cn. Pomp. Ed. Sylb. 1586. p. 127. l. 20. ſect. 5. and to the ſame author's judgment of

others who affected a poetical and pompous phraſeology, *vide* Dionyſius Lyſias, line 27.

His ideas on the chief ſatiriſts of ancient and modern times, I truſt, I have ſhewn to be defective and erroneous, in not having mentioned all that deſerve the praiſe of excellence, and in having given a falſe account of thoſe whom he has mentioned; but, on the whole, to ſpeak impartially of his talents and his acquirements, I will confeſs, that he has ſometimes a rare felicity of expreſſion; that he is moderately verſed in claſſical learning, but deſtitute of invention and judgment; that his philological information is various and extenſive, but not accurate; that he is better ſuited to the detail of parts than to comprehend or to create a ſyſtem; that his ſtile is ſometimes rich, but always laboured; that his powers are much indebted to cultivation, but partake very little of genius; and that, with ſome juſt ſentiments of religion, he wants the vital principle of Chriſtianity.

The author, in various parts of his book, takes great pains to have it believed that the ſupport of virtue and morality is one great object of his ſatire, and undoubtedly they are much connected with the literary

productions of the times; but they depend not on them ſolely; ſo that when he has reproved the principles of one ſet of men, even ſuppoſing them to be erroneous, he has done but a part of his duty: it was not thus that the great ſatiriſts of antiquity dealt with the times; they reproved vicious characters as well as erroneous principles; and it is thus that every man muſt do who wiſhes to reform:—he muſt be impartial too,—he muſt ſtrike at venality, perfidy, and profligacy, wherever they are to be found,—he muſt enter the palaces of the great, as well as the garrets of the poor, and drag forth titled infamy to ſhame and contempt; and if example is the ſoul of virtue, he muſt endeavour to purify the great,—he muſt chaſtiſe ariſtocratical vices, and pull down ſpiritual wickedneſs in high places; but if he is afraid of Attorney Generals and Treaſury Solicitors, let him no more boaſt of his zeal for religion and morality,—he is not formed for a ſatiriſt.

I have now nearly finiſhed, for the preſent, with this contemptible author, and, if I have failed to expoſe his arrogance, ignorance, and wickedneſs, I will yet add a few words more, without fear of repetition, for he has afford-

ed abundant matter, ſuch as it is, for reiterated cenſure. Had he been, what he pretends to be (a legitimate ſucceſſor of the great ſatiriſts of former times) I ſhould never have preſumed nor deſired to reprove him,—had he, like them, ſhewn a generous indignation againſt vice, without any tincture of private or party malignity,—had he poſſeſſed their compact and regular ſtile of writing, without wandering into needleſs excurſions,—had he, either in poetry or in proſe, ſhewn the virtues of a great ſoul or the talents of a great genius, I ſhould never have dared to lift my feeble voice againſt ſuch powers, properly directed: had his ſtile been any thing but a tiſſue of quotations, even where they are not acknowledged,—had he been uniformly low, in ſtile and ideas, I ſhould have ſuffered him to paſs quietly by unnoticed and unmoleſted; but when I ſee an author without one ſpark of the heavenly fire of genius, without one generous or liberal principle, with a ſanguinary thirſt for perſecution and a virulent intolerance of all difference of opinion, a rooted prejudice for the eſtabliſhments of Chriſtianity, without one particle of its ſpirit,—when I ſee an author, whoſe only greatneſs conſiſts in

his own conſequence, impoſing upon the public, with the air of independence and dignity,—when I ſee an author whoſe only merit as a ſcholar is that of having read the claſſics, without being improved by them, perpetually recalling us to the ancient models of compoſition, while he is perpetually violating them, a man who has ſacrificed the purity and ſimplicity of his native language to the affectation of novelty and the affectation of knowledge,—when I ſee ſuch a man taking advantage of the times, and labouring to depreſs the beſt men, and the beſt principles, without one requiſite for a ſatiriſt but his virulence, impoſing upon the taſte and pockets of the public, by a perpetual repetition of his malignant effuſions; ſowing the ſeeds of jealouſy, ſuſpicion, and diſtruſt among men, by concealing his name, and yet condemning with mercileſs ſeverity the foibles of others,—when I ſee ſuch a man receive the ſlighteſt countenance, I feel an indignation at his impudence and the public infatuation, which no conſiderations of danger can repreſs. I feel for the national character when I ſee it degraded by liſtening to the dark ſuggeſtions of an anonymous incendiary,—I feel for the dignity of claſſical learning, when it is proſtituted

to ſo vile a purpoſe,—I feel for the injured names of thoſe men, from whoſe writings I firſt imbibed the glorious ſentiments of liberty, when they are called in to ſanction the moſt daring encroachments on the birth-right of Britons, and lend a force to the denunciations of a ſanguinary bigot,—I feel for the condition of poſterity, when I ſee the Author of the Purſuits of Literature ſet up for a guide of the public taſte, a guardian of the public morals, and a defender of the public liberty; and if I have ſpoken with more than uſual warmth, I am urged by that ſpirit of liberty and truth which yields to no temptation, and requires no reſtraint.

Morpeth, May 22, 1799.

SINCE writing the above, I have had the pleaſure to ſee that my method of examining this author has alſo occurred to Mr John Cartwright, who, in his celebrated Appeal, lately publiſhed, has expoſed the moſt groſs and impudent of our Author's opinions on the ſubject of Reform. Should I ſucceed, as well as he has done, in expoſing ſophiſtry and venality, I ſhould think my time well employed: a book ſo excellent in all reſpects has not for many years been given

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to the world: the ſpirit is manly, temperate, and candid,—the ſtile neat and forcible,—and the matter abundant; but it contains too much truth not to be proſecuted: the manner in which it is delivered to the public, ſhews, however, that the Author is firmly prepared for the worſt.—In addition to what I have already remarked, I muſt here notice what I had omitted before,—that the words (page 32.) 'Quos orbe ſub omni Jam vix 'ſeptena numerat Sapientiâ fama,' are not marked as belonging to any author, nor do I immediately recollect from whom they are quoted. I have omitted other things, perhaps of more conſequence, but I truſt that my preſent diſtance from libraries and literary men, and my reſidence in a diſtant province, will be admitted as my apology. The quotation above-mentioned, I have ſince found, is from Statius, Sylv. 5. c. 3. but not exactly quoted: '*Quoſque orbe ſub omni Ardua ſeptena numerat ſapientia fama?*' are the words of Statius.—Having nearly finiſhed my remarks on the firſt Dialogue, I truſt to have them publiſhed ſoon after the new year commences.

Printed by M. Brown, Fleſhmarket, Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne.

AN

EXAMINATION

OF THE

MERITS AND TENDENCY

OF THE

PURSUITS of LITERATURE.

Part Second.

By W. BURDON, A. M.

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Newcastle upon Tyne:

PRINTED BY M. BROWN, FLESHMARKET.

FOR CLARKE, NO. 38, NEW BOND-STREET,
AND CONDER, LONDON; AND FLOWER,
CAMBRIDGE.

1800.

525 B

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1897

TO THE READER.

The Author of the Pursuits of Literature has, I am informed, been attacked by name in the Appendix to a very copious Octavo, and I have been advised to attack him in the same manner; but, as I have not those proofs before me which convinced Mr Chalmers, nor if I had might they convince me, I have thought it best to direct my attack not personally, but generally, yet so as to make it evident that I have strong suspicions who is the author. If Mr Chalmers is mistaken, let the gentleman come forward and prove that he is innocent—my only wish is to strike the guilty.

THE Author of the Purſuits of Literature boaſts of having, among many friends, one to whom his ſecret is confided;—I alſo have friends, but I have never diſhonoured them with ſecrets which I am aſhamed or afraid to diſcloſe; yet among theſe there is one whom I prize above the reſt, for his inceſſant zeal in the cauſe of freedom, for his profound knowledge of Greek literature, and for his many amiable qualities; to him I addreſs this defence of liberty and claſſical learning, which he has more ably ſupported and adorned.—THOMAS NORTHMORE, of Cleve, in the county of Devon, is the friend to whom I am happy to pay this tribute of my eſteem, for his numerous acquirements, his amuſing correſpondence, and inſtructive ſociety.

ERRATA

In the Second Edition of Part Firſt.

Page 31. l. 19. read *qualities as belonging.*

P. 37. for *exemplied* read *exemplified.*

P. 40. for *fairoient*, read *feroient.* This error belongs to the Author of the Purſuits of Literature, and is ſome evidence that the paſſage is not in Gil Blas.

Ditto, for *quotes*, read *refers to in his tranſlations.*

P. 69. for *and let*, read *let;* for *and he exalts*, read *he exalts.*

P. 70. for *profeſſionally*, read *profeſſedly.*

P. 72. for *Roman* read *French.*

P. 80. for *a condenſation*, read *that condenſation.*

Ditto, before *miſrepreſentation*, inſert the words, *talent for.*

ERRATA.

PART SECOND.

Page 6. l. 16. dele *and.*

P. 13. l. 1. after *deſpotiſm*, add, *or the acquiſition of territory.*

Ditto, line 11. for *is* read *follows.*

P. 18. l. 7. from the bottom, after *bas* inſert *bad.*

P 19. l. 5. from the bottom, for *Ionſon's* read *Tonſon's.*

P. 20. l. 16. for *imprudence*, read *impudence.*

P. 23. l. 4. dele *may.*

P. 49. l. 2. from the bottom, for *ſture* read *ſtare.*

P. 50. l. 1. for *autum*, read *autem.*

Ditto, l. 2. for *voluerant*, read *voluerunt.*

P. 64. l. 3. from the bottom, for *factious* read *faſtuous.*

P. 79. l. 3. for *Quinglius* read *Zuinglius.*

P. 80. l. 3. for *venom* read *malice.*

P. 83. for αισθανοντα, read αισχυνονται.

P. 90. l. 3. from the bottom, for *poiſoned* read *barbed.*

P. 91. l. 6. from the bottom, for *collector* read *retailer.*

P. 101. l. 3. for *Serps* read *Serfs.*

P. 111. l. 11. from the bottom, for *arrangenments* read *arrangement.*

P. 115. for *Aretaus* read *Aretæus.*

Ditto, l. 7 from the bottom, for *we are told* read *we are to be told.*

P. 119. l. 12. from the bottom, after *lived* inſert *they.*

P. 121 l. 6. from the bottom, dele *firſt.*

P. 123. l. 4. for *Quernai* read *Queſnai.*

P. 132. l. 13. from the bottom, dele *originality.*

EXAMINATION,

&c.

HAD the charges which I brought in my laſt attack on the Author of the Purſuits of Literature been either refuted or invalidated, I ſhould have quietly retired from the conteſt, without the exultation of victory, it is true, yet with the conſolation of having intended well, and without the mortification of defeat; for an advocate may be unſucceſsful, though his cauſe is good; the attack may be injudiciouſly directed or weakly ſupported; it may fail from the want of energy on his part, more than from the ſtrength of his adverſary, and he is not the beſt writer who is the moſt attacked, but he who repels the ſtrongeſt antagoniſts. With

theſe arguments I ſhould have comforted my weakneſs, and patiently expected the author's ſophiſms and declamation to be overturned by ſome ſtronger foe, or fall before the greateſt foe of all bad writers—poſterity. But now, emboldened by the confidence of former ſucceſs, I will return to the charge with vigor, though with caution; for there are ſome ſubjects on which the author dogmatiſes with all the pompoſity of ignorance, and on which it is dangerous to follow him; ſince he is entrenched in the ſtrong-holds, not of argument, but of power; and if he cannot defend what he has written, the Attorney-General will defend it for him. To the full comfort of his conviction, on ſuch ſubjects I leave him, for the comfort of ſleeping in my own houſe; but on every ſubject where we fight with equal weapons, I will not be afraid to attack him: he has appealed to the claſſics, and I will do ſo too: if Demoſthenes, Lucan, or Cicero, can be found guilty of high treaſon, I leave them to an Engliſh jury: with ſuch felons I am prepared to ſuffer; what they have written I will repeat, and if they ſhould be convicted, they will convict our author of high treaſon againſt

againſt the majeſty of truth, of liberty, and juſtice*.

" The importance of the ſubject of this " Poem, and the neceſſity of ſuch an appeal " to the kingdom *at this time*, are the beſt " reaſons which I can offer for its publica- " tion." Our author muſt not imagine, that becauſe he can tack together his rugged rhimes with eaſe and rapidity, he can therefore write poetry, or that his work deſerves the

* Though I have cenſured our author for his intemperate uſe of the claſſics, I will not deny that it is ſometimes uſeful and ſometimes pleaſant to appeal to them. In all that they have written, they have not been excelled by the moderns; it is pleaſant, therefore, to have the ſanction of excellence to any of our opinions; it is pleaſant to find a kindred idea more happily expreſſed, and ſometimes to clothe our own ſentiments in the elegance of claſſic attire. So far as relates to the rules of quotation, I will repeat and compreſs what I have ſaid in a former part of this work. Quotations are of three ſorts,—firſt, when words are quoted to prove any particular point, as in philoſophical or hiſtorical quotation, or merely as an ornament, and are to be taken literally—ſecondly, when they are only applied with a meaning different from what they had originally, as in illuſtrative and humorous quotation—and, thirdly, when they are only adapted, in which caſe it is allowable to make grammatical alterations, but nothing further.

the name of a poem; for a poem is not any thing written in verſe, but a continued ſeries of ideas on ſome one ſtory, the work of pure invention; or it is a collection of verſes containing poetical ideas. Telemachus and Tom Jones are poems, though written in proſe. Juvenal and Perſius are poets only becauſe their works contain poetical ideas—all didactic poetry or precept in verſe only deſerves that name, becauſe it is delivered in poetical language, and contains poetical ideas; for the eſſence of it is not invention, but truth. Satire, therefore, of the beſt ſort, derives its claim to be called poetry only from the ſtile in which it is written, and the ideas it contains. Our author has written in verſe, but neither his ſtile nor his ideas are poetical; he is, therefore, not a poet, but a maker of rhimes. So much for his claim to poetry. I will now conſider the nature of his appeal to the nation on the preſent ſtate of the times. The neceſſity of an appeal to the public, at this time, muſt certainly ſtrike every man who thinks at all on public affairs; but the cauſes of that neceſſity will appear different to different people, according to their tempers, their prejudices, their habits, their connections,

nections, or their intereſt; ſome have the horrors of deſpotiſm, others of anarchy before them, yet while each man exerciſes his right of repreſenting things as they appear to him, time only can decide on the merits or the ſucceſs of his endeavours; all that is required of him is, that he be honeſt and independent. Language and profeſſions may for a time diſguiſe a man's real intentions, but in the end he will be diſcovered: there are certain infallible marks by which his ſecret motives may be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe he avows, which muſt be looked for in his character, temper, connections, and converſation, and ſometimes even in his unintentional lapſes, in certain unguarded words which drop from him in writing and converſation, and ſhew a meaning which pages of ſtudied hypocriſy cannot diſguiſe. To be of any uſe to the public, a man muſt be independent as well as honeſt; he muſt have no intereſt of his own contrary to their intereſt well ſtudied and well underſtood; he muſt ſerve them, and them only, and lay aſide all private or party conſiderations; for, without this, he will ever have a latent

bias

bias on his conduct which, though he may not, others will perceive: he will, either ſecretly or openly, purſue a line of action directly contrary to the public intereſt. That the Author of the Purſuits of Literature is either honeſt or independent, it is difficult to believe; for he has laboured to deſtroy what have in all ages been conſidered as the beſt feelings and principles of our nature,—the hatred of corruption, and the love of liberty: perhaps he is deceived by the authority of others, or judges only by events; he may miſtake for liberty what others have called ſuch; or he may, like many honeſt men, have been terrified by the French revolution, and his nerves may be more in fault than his heart, and his principles the effect of his timidity; for he ſeems throughout to be in a fright; and though ten years ago he might have been the advocate of liberty, when ſuch a profeſſion was attended with no danger, and the dread of anarchy had not frighted her from the earth, yet now, deſpairing that ſhe will ever return, he gladly embraces the ſupport of any ſet of men who will preſerve him from the dangers of civil diſturbances, and is therefore become the ſecret advocate

of

of deſpotiſm, as a government that promiſes the greateſt ſecurity; but whether his hopes or his fears are the cauſe of his principles, he is unworthy of attention or confidence. Yet this conſequential author has made an appeal to the public, on the nature of the times, and gives them advice, which, if attended to, he conſiders as the panacea, or univerſal remedy, for all the diſeaſes of the ſtate; and this is no other than implicit confidence in the men who have hitherto directed the public affairs, ſo much to their own advantage, and, no doubt, to the advantage of the people! Another author has made a different appeal to the public, and exhorts them to withdraw their confidence from thoſe whom he conſiders as having ſo long deceived them, under the pretence of conſulting their moſt ſacred intereſts. To which of theſe authors it will be wiſeſt to liſten, it behoves us to conſider. The one, however honeſt may be his deſigns, has one thing ſtrongly againſt him, he dares not avow his name, ſo that we are not able to judge of his motives; but, if conjecture does not err, if ſome people are right in their ſurmiſes, there is nothing in his character or

ſituation

ſituation that can entitle him to the praiſe of honeſt intentions. The former has in it ſuch a littleneſs, a timidity, a gloomineſs, mixed with flyneſs, ſo much reſerve, the very reverſe of every thing that is honeſt and manly, ſo thoroughly reſembling his perſon and manner, that, without much buſtle or noiſe, he is, in private ſociety, the moſt buſy, tatling, inquiſitive little mortal to be met with in all the rounds of literary goſſip; he is one of thoſe contemptible characters, who, having no ſtrong feelings or great talents to lead them aſtray, ſneak quietly through the world, without being loved, and are feared more from their power to annoy, than to do much miſchief; their religion conſiſts in cenſuring the want of it in others, and their virtue in being free from vice—I mean the vices of intemperance; for with all their ſhew of religion, they are often ill-natured, cunning, cenſorious, envious, and cruel. So much for his character, let us now look to his ſtation and connections. Report ſays, he holds a place at court; if ſo, the point is decided, he cannot be independent, therefore he cannot be honeſt; for whoever has any particular private end to anſwer in giving advice, cannot give that

advice

advice impartially: his opinion, therefore, is of no importance. Let us now turn to the author of the other appeal, John Cartwright, Eſquire: he is, and ever has been, the friend of liberty, and the enemy of corruption, unſwayed by perſonal intereſt, or perſonal connections; through the moſt trying times of public difficulty, he has pleaded for the rights of the people; in war and in peace; with miniſtry and againſt them; and, for this ſteady attachment to the public, he has ſuffered much in the opinion of his friends, and in his private intereſt: he is open, honeſt, and ingenuous in his character; the liberal friend of diſtreſs; the patron of genius and merit; the conſtant promoter of every uſeful art and invention; the advocate of the oppreſſed; and, in all the relations of life, affectionate, firm, and ſteady. Theſe are the appeals we are now invited to hear: I have endeavoured to ſtate their author's ſeparate merits—which beſt deſerves their attention, the public muſt determine.

" I recommend to my readers a paſſage " from a collection of the moſt pleaſing and " informing treatiſes in natural philoſophy

" which I ever read, or I believe were writ-
" ten; I mean the Chemical Eſſays by Dr
" Watſon, the preſent Biſhop of Landaff—
" Vol. 4, p. 25." Much as I admire the Biſhop of Landaff's writings in general, and his Chemical Eſſays in particular, I will not conſent to ſay that they are the moſt informing I ever read; nor will I ſtile them treatiſes in natural, but in experimental philoſophy; for every line of them is founded on experiment: natural philoſophy deſcribes nature as it appears, experimental ſearches its hidden properties: I muſt alſo remark, that " informing treatiſes" is a very poor expreſſion, the proper word is inſtructive.

" I may add, that ſuch a ſtate of ſociety
" and of literature, as the preſent, affords oc-
" caſion for numerous *experiments* and obſer-
" vations, without any danger of mutual in-
" terference." How the word *experiment* can be applied to a book of this ſort I do not eaſily ſee, unleſs the author intends it as a ſeries of experiments on the characters and tempers of thoſe whom he diſlikes, to try how far he can pervert the one and irritate the other.

" In

" In this Poem no imitation whatſoever is " intended of any former writer, or of any " former poem. *It was written upon no pri-* " *vate motive whatſoever; but ſimply and ſolely* " *as the conduct of the perſons mentioned or al-* " *luded to, or the manner of their compoſitions, or* " *the principles of their writings, tend to influence* " *and affect the learning, the government, the re-* " *ligion, the publick morality, the publick happi-* " *neſs, and the publick ſecurity of this Nation.*" This remark is entirely needleſs: I will give the author credit for being unique; both his poetry and his proſe are unlike any thing that ever was, and, I truſt, ever will be publiſhed. The bold declaration in italicks is mere words, contradicted by every page of his work, by his frequent alluſions to perſonal defects and private anecdotes, unconnected with religion, government, or literature.—Having promiſed to ſupply the references to our author's quotations, I will do ſo; but I think it proper to remark, that moſt of theſe references are given from memory, or from induſtry, without the help of indexes: I mention this to ſhew, that the author ought to have taken the ſame trouble,

if he choſe to quote ſo frequently. To ſome of his quotations he has given references in his tranſlations; but moſt of them are very inſufficient—*Apollinæ bellum puerile phare-træ*, is from Statius Theb. lib. 6. l. 9.—and his weapons, to which there is no reference, are taken from 2 Cor. x. 4.—" For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the putting down of ſtrong holds."

" In every region of Europe there ſhould " have been a common cauſe. But in no " kingdom, except Great Britain, has that " cauſe been maintained in full integrity." To what it is owing, that that common cauſe has not been ſuſtained, for two years together, in any country of Europe, except our own, the author, with a little more ſagacity, or a little leſs prejudice, might eaſily have found out:—it is becauſe that cauſe has in no other country been juſt; let him ſurvey the different governments in Europe, and he will then ſee the true cauſe why they have never been able, for any length of time, to unite together for any common purpoſe; that purpoſe has always been a diſhonorable

diſhonorable one,—the ſupport of deſpotiſm,—and it has been defeated by the jealouſies and intrigues inſeparable from ſuch governments: he will then ſee how feeble the cauſe of deſpotiſm is againſt even the ver yname of liberty. The French, amidſt all the ſhocks of party, the private animoſities, and public cruelties with which their country has been torn aſunder, have always had one common purpoſe in view, for which they have been ſteadily united. Here is a long quotation from Statius, which our author has adapted to his purpoſe—*celebro*, for *celebras*, is the word altered: he refers to Stat. Sylv. 5. c. 5. but it is Carm. 3. l. 195.

"We may (for we can) all of us contri-
" bute to the aſſiſtance, the comfort, and the
" good of others, and to the ſtability of ſo-
" cial happineſs. The ſword, the voice, and
" the pen muſt be reſolutely and deciſively
" called into action, for defence, for counſel,
" for admonition, and for cenſure." This ſeems contrary to what he has ſaid before of the impoſſibility of individuals performing a general good.

" From ſuch courts it appeals to perhaps a
" ſtill higher tribunal, that of publick opi-
" nion,

" nion, character, and reputation." This ſentence, any farther than the word opinion, is not intelligible; the words, tribunal of character and reputation, are not Engliſh.

" Such are my ideas; yet I am ſure I have " nothing of the wild American in my com- " poſition; I never wiſhed to deſtroy any " man, either to inherit his wit, or plunder " him of his underſtanding." The idea here is borrowed from the ſpeech of Lord Bathurſt, on the impeachment of Biſhop Atterbury, who, turning to the bench of biſhops, ſaid, 'he could hardly account for their in- 'veteracy againſt the accuſed, but from 'their being poſſeſſed with the ſuperſtitious 'belief of certain American ſavages, who 'were perſuaded that they inherit not only 'the ſpoils, but the talents of any great man 'they deſtroy.'—Parl. Hiſt. 1722.

" But I will bow to no Cyrill of Alexan- " dria, to no executive director of a modern " republick, to no lordly preſident of facti- " ous councils, of democratick delegates, or " of ſocieties in open defiance of eſtabliſhed " authority in regulated empires." But he does bow to men more imperious and more powerful than any of theſe, to men from whom

whom he could lick the duſt of their ſhoes, if they required him: why he has choſen Cyrill of Alexandria, to be mixed with executive directors and democratic preſidents, he beſt knows; Mr Gibbon repreſents him as an ardent perſecutor of hereſy, and not more cruel and imperious than many other of his brethren, the ſaints and fathers.

" There is darkneſs mixed with fire, and " volumes of ſmoke are rolling from the " mouth of the cavern. I love no atheiſt " French Biſhops, nor unfrocked gramma- " marians in England. Horne Tooke is ſtill " living, and Edmund Burke is no more. " SOL OCCUBUIT! I hope Mr Pitt will aſ- " ſure us of the old prodigy, " Nox nulla " ſecuta eſt!" Whenever our author ſpeaks of Frenchmen or democracy his ſtile is more than uſually inflated and unintelligible; and no wonder here, for it is taken from Rev. ix. 2. He has borrowed an expreſſion of Queen Elizabeth to one of her biſhops, and applied it to Horne Tooke, who, not chooſing to be a child all his life, threw off his frock at the age of thirty; where our author has picked up his prodigy he beſt knows: I have

have read ſomewhere, *Sol occubuit* vox *nulla ſecuta eſt*,—perhaps he has done ſo too, and transformed them, by means of a bad memory, into a prodigy.

" We muſt *now* all aſſiſt in our various ca-
" pacities, and feel and act as publick men.
" In times like theſe we may aſſume a vir-
" tue, a character, a courage, and a firmneſs,
" not originally our own. I proteſt I have
" no private animoſity in my nature." This advice is contrary to our author's general doctrine, which reſtrains the multitude from any interference in public affairs: it is, however, ſomewhat wiſer than he generally gives.

" But I come forth (boldly enough, I will
" confeſs, but as I ought to do) in behalf of
" my country, her literature, her laws, her
" religion, and her government." The uſe of the word *boldly*, by an anonymous writer, is diverting enough: whenever he ſpeaks of religion, he muſt always be underſtood to mean the external forms of it, eſtabliſhed by law; for one particle of its ſpirit is not to be found in his writings.

" Nor would I publiſh this ſatirical Poem,
" but from a full conviction of it's *tendency*

" to

" to promote the publick welfare, in it's de-
" gree and according to it's ſubject, when it
" is (if it ever ſhould be) *ſtudied* and conſider-
" ed with impartiality." Why has our author put the word ſtudied in italicks? Surely he muſt have a bad opinion of a work which is intended to be generally uſeful, if it requires ſtudy to comprehend its meaning and tendency.

" The French have alſo *decreed*, that in
" every church-yard trees ſhall be planted,
" and the figure of ſleep erected pointing to
" the tombs; and this ſleep they *decree* to be
" *eternal*. N. B. This was the fact, when
" *this Firſt Part* of the Purſuits of Literature
" was *firſt* publiſhed in May 1794.—It may
" be ſo again, or may be ſo at this moment,
" 1796." He knows it is not ſo in 1798.

" The name ſuggeſts the honourable men-
" tion of a poem lately publiſhed, under the
" title of " The BAVIAD," or an Imitation
" of the firſt Satire of Perſius. *Quæ tibi, quæ*
" *tali reddam pro carmine dona?*—Though the
" author profeſſes to be converſant only
" among the *ſheep-folds* at preſent, he threat-
" ens a deſcent upon the nobler and more
" *reluctant animals*. If this be a firſt produc-

" tion,

" tion, the poet muſt proceed with the con-
" ſciouſneſs of genius: he has the ground
" work of all excellence, good ſenſe, and a
" knowledge of juſt and harmonious ex-
" preſſion. He has divulged his name *im-*
" *prudently.* Such compoſitions require ſe-
" crecy for their effect; eſpecially if they
" are publiſhed at an early period of life, and
" ſtill more if the poet commences his career
" with Satire. Mr. Pope ſuffered " pure
" deſcription to hold the place of ſenſe" for
" a long time, before he took his proper ſta-
" tion. The author of The Baviad has taken
" ſome pleaſant trouble off my hands. The
" Albums, the Laura-Marias, the Jerning-
" hams, Antony Paſquins, Mary Robinſons,
" Piozzis and Bozzi's; the " Phillidas, Hyp-
" ſipilas, vatum et plorabile ſi quid." Unfor-
" tunately there are too many left. (1794.)"
The honorable mention of the Baviad ſug-
geſts to me, that he has either ſome hand in
it, or ſome knowledge of its author, though
it ſeems odd he ſhould doubt whether it is
a firſt production, for the author, in lines
112, 113, expreſsly ſays not: the quotation
from Virgil, is from Ecl. v. 81. If the
author of the Baviad has a *knowledge* of juſt
and

and harmonious expreſſion, ſo much the worſe; for no man has written ſo many harſh lines, our author excepted: for inſtance,—

Reſign thy judgment to the rout, and pay
Knee worſhip to the idol of the day.

Her ſummons the blue-ſtockinged friends obey,
Lured by the love of poetry and tea.

Here's a rhime! To be ſure there is the example for it.

Where gentle Anna, whom three realms obey,
Does ſometime counſel take, and ſometime tea.
Rape of the Lock, c. 3, l. 10.

But the errors of a great poet are no authority—rather than

With Squire Jernyngham deſcend
To paſtry cooks and moths, and "there an end."

This quotation is from Henry IV. 2d part, act 3d.—ſc. 2d.—Jonſon's Ed. 1729, reads,—'and there's an end.'

With ſuch a liquid lapſe that they betray
The breaſt unwares, and ſteal the ſoul away.

Begotten without thought, born without pain.

To proceed in ſhewing ſuch lines might be tedious, but not impoſſible, I have produced enow to eſtabliſh my point. Another motive for our author's praiſe, is the reſemblance there is between the ſpirit of the Baviad and his own: they are both animated by the ſame perſonal malignity, the ſame jealouſy, the ſame hatred of democracy. The coarſe illiberality of his line on Mr Jerningham can only be exceeded by his cruel ſneer at Mrs Robinſon's infirmities: after ſuch very indecent perſonalities, it is not wonderful our author ſhould think Mr Gifford imprudent for divulging his name, but it is rather ſurpriſing he ſhould have the imprudence to ſay generally that ſuch compoſitions require ſecrecy, when the beſt works of that ſort have all been avowed by their authors: Mr Pope might begin with pure deſcription, but he put his name to all he wrote. The words *pleaſant trouble* are ſomething more than what the Greeks call an οξυμωρον; it is downright folly, for trouble can never be pleaſant, though labor may; but this is the affectation of making new combinations of words—*Phillidas, Hypſipilas, vatum et plorabile ſi quid*, Perſ. Sat. 1. l. 34. The author of the

Baviad

Baviad was lucky in the choice of his ſubject, the work was done to his hands; for if he had never touched the Lauras and Anna Marias, the greateſt part of them muſt have withered in time for want of ſap, ſuch ſickly plants could not long have been kept alive: yet to ſay that all the poetry of theſe authors is contemptible, is both unjuſt and untrue; many beautiful flowers might be culled from their different volumes, of which a man of taſte might form a beautiful poetical wreath: the elegy on the plains of Fontenoy, by Anna Matilda, has tenderneſs, pathos, and philoſophy; many others, with the exception of a few conceited expreſſions, contain much poetry and fine ſentiments.

"R. B. SHERIDAN, Eſq: M. P. I am ſorry "to ſay of this *extraordinary* man, that in the "realms of wit and humour he is now "ſilent. "Vnus ſceptra potitus, eadem aliis "ſopitu' quiete eſt." Why is it ſo? Poli- "ticks are tranſitory; wit is eternal." Exactly the reverſe, Mr Sheridan's political exertions will be remembered and applauded when his plays and his farces are forgotten: I do not deny that they are excellent, and

will

will have all the praiſe with poſterity that their ſubjects can enſure; but what are the ſallies of humor compared with the thunders of eloquence poured forth in the nobleſt cauſe that can employ the talents, or intereſt the feelings, of human nature? What is it to have written even the beſt plays, compared with having ſaved, or attempted to ſave a ſtate? Politics, in the higher acceptation of the word, for I do not mean the intrigues of ſtateſmen, or the news of the day, embrace all that affects the happineſs or welfare of mankind, within the range of legiſlative wiſdom; to make laws, and to direct or influence the affairs of ſtate, is the higheſt employment of our nature, and to do theſe well, is to deſerve the higheſt praiſe; for on the deliberations of ſtateſmen depend our exiſtence and our comforts. Whether we are to be conſumed by war, or flouriſh in peace,—whether we are to live freemen or ſlaves,—whether the fruits of our exertions are to be ſecured to our own uſe, or ſwallowed up by the rapacity of others,—whether we are to live under one form of government or another,—and whether life is to be a bleſſing to us or a curſe;—in fine, all the

the great outlines of life are drawn by ſtateſmen, the ſhades and colouring are filled up by meaner hands: artificers, mechanics, players, ſailors, and ſoldiers, may perform the mechanical part, the others invent and diſpoſe. The ſource of our author's remark, however, is evident, Mr Sheridan's politics are not of his ſtamp:—had any of his friends written plays like this great orator, we ſhould have heard him ſay exactly the contrary; but it is according to his principles of deſpotiſm to keep great geniuſes employed in trifling ſubjects, that they may not interfere with thoſe who make government a property.

"It is hardly neceſſary to remind the reader "of the political compoſition of the Rolliad "and the Probationary Odes by Dr Lau-"rence and Company. (1794.)" This is not Engliſh, if he means the word compoſition to ſignify a piece of writing, for then it ſhould have been compoſitions; if he means it to apply ſolely to the manner of writing it is wrong, becauſe he has not ſpoken of them in that light, but merely as political works.

"I know not for whom the Doctor will "*now* vouch; I am not called upon to vouch "for the Doctor (1796.)

" Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
" Tenets with books, and principles with times."

Theſe lines are from Pope's Epiſt. or Moral Eſſays, 1ſt. l. 173.

" Shakſpeare ſays, " With ſpectacles on " noſe and pouch on ſide." I am contented " ſimply to admire Doctor Lawrence's ſpec- " tacles, but I have ventured to qualify his " pouch—I wrote this in 1794.—Doctors " Commons and the Houſe of Commons " are recommended in all the chronick caſes " of the *deficiens crumena*, and are found to be " excellent reſtoratives. (1798.)" Whether this note is written in the honeſt ſpirit of ſatire, or the wicked ſpirit of private malignity, it is not difficult to determine: the firſt quotation is from As you like it, act 2d, ſcene 7; and the *deficiens crumena*, from Juvenal, hardly deſerves the name of a quotation, it is only uſing two Latin words inſtead of two Engliſh ones, they are taken, however, from Sat. 11. l. 38.

" Proteus Prieſtley.—There is on every " material difference between this Proteus " and his nameſake of antiquity. Of the " latter it is recorded, Sine vi non ulla dabit " præcepta, Virg. Georg. L. 4.; now our " Proteus

" Proteus gives " precept upon precept, line
" upon line; here a little and there a little;"
" and is continually obtruding *his oracles*
" upon the publick, without any *compulsion*
" at all, upon every ſubject which can, or
" which cannot be known. I believe that
" Dr Prieſtley would diſpute very *intelligibly*
" upon the famous Germanick queſtion,
" Utrum Chimæra *bombinans* in vacuo poſſit
" comedere ſecundas intentiones."

" As to Dr. Prieſtley's *King-killing* wiſhes
" and opinions take a few words: " IT IS
" TO BE REGRETTED, that the ſituation of
" things was *ſuch*, that THE SENTENCE (of
" DEATH on Charles the Firſt) could not be
" paſſed *by the* WHOLE NATION, OR THEIR
" REPRESENTATIVES *ſolemnly* ASSEMBLED
" *for that purpoſe.*" Prieſtley on Government,
" p. 39. Are the words and the meaning
" plain? How muſt this Reverend Deputy
" *Elect* to the National Convention of France
" have exulted on the 21ſt of January,
" 1793!!! The Deputy, however, had the
" wiſdom of the *ſerpent* in not taking his
" ſeat, though he could not aſſume the in-
" nocence of the *dove.*

" The late Mr. Gibbon well underſtood " Dr. Prieſtley's character and opinions, and " expreſſed himſelf ſtrongly on that ſubject. " No man of diſcernment can ſee their di- " rect *tendency* but with reprobation, and " ſometimes not without fear and horror! " (1794).—Lord Sheffield has lately pub- " liſhed the correſpondence between Mr. G. " and Dr. P. in the firſt volume of Mr. Gib- " bon's Poſthumous Works, 4to. Theſe let- " ters are not unworthy of attention. (1796)."

To the verſatility of Dr Prieſtley's talents, and to his benevolent intentions, I am deſirous to give my mite of praiſe: the ſole object of his life has been to make ſcience and religion equally intelligible; and whoever does this, muſt have many enemies among thoſe whoſe intereſt and whoſe prejudices lead them to the contrary: he has done a little for many ſubjects, and a great deal for philoſophy and chriſtianity: he laid the firſt blow to proteſtant ſuperſtition, and has ſhaken it to the root: he has ſucceſsfully endeavoured to baniſh myſtery from politics, religion, and philoſophy; and whoever does this, is a greater friend to mankind than he who perpetually

petually labors to ſtop the progreſs of improvement by a ſuperſtitious reverence for whatever is eſtabliſhed. Had our author taken the whole of Proteus's character from Virgil's Georg. 4. v. 398. we ſhould have had more of the truth; "*novit namque omnia vates*" applies to Dr Prieſtley as well as any part of the character: our author perhaps laments another reſemblance, viz. that he has been wiſe enough to avoid the "*vim duram et vincula*," in which he wiſhes all reformers to be bound: his quotation of "precept upon precept" is from Iſa. xxviii. 10.—but that the Doctor's oracles are more obtruſive than his, it is not eaſy to perceive; he has labored to explain what may be explained, and to prevent inquiry where it is fruitleſs: our author's motto is myſtery, and his creed, to believe whatever is unintelligible. Dr Prieſtley was not a *deputy elect*, but *elected*, for the departments of Calais and Paris; and his friends will rejoice that he declined the honor conferred on him; but let not thoſe who lament his wiſdom boaſt of their own innocence. By the manner in which the author ſpeaks of Gibbon's opinion of Dr Prieſtley, it is eaſy to ſee that he dreads

even an avowed infidel who will ſupport eſtabliſhments, leſs than a chriſtian who wiſhes them overturned: ſo much for his chriſtianity. Dr Prieſtley well underſtood Mr Gibbon; and I leave to my reader's judgment to determine, when he has read the correſpondence between them, firſt publiſhed by the Doctor, which has ſpoken moſt ſtrongly, and with moſt truth: Mr Gibbon was an artful man of the world, Dr Prieſtley a man of plain honeſty: for a further character and defence of Dr Prieſtley, I refer to Dr Parr's Letter to the Diſſenters of Birmingham, on the ſubject of the celebration of the 14th of July, under the affected title of a letter from Irenopolis, in which will be found combined every excellence of a writer, (which our author has not) candor, good temper, liberality, moderation, and forbearance, with elegance and vigor of ſtile, and force of argument: as a political treatiſe, it is inferior to few; as the work of a chriſtian miniſter, on the ſubject of politics, it is not to be equalled in the preſent nor any other times.

" Pindar's Lyre.—In this verſe I ſpeak of " the great Theban: but there is an obſcure " perſon, ſtiling himſelf PETER PINDAR, of

" whom

" whom I ſhall ſay a few words. This man
" certainly poſſeſſes a mind by no means
" uninformed, and a ſpecies of humour;
" but it is exhauſted by a repetition of the
" *ſame* manner, and nearly the *ſame* ideas,
" even to diſguſt. He has the power of
" rhyming ludicrouſly, and is ſometimes
" even gifted with poetry; and finally, he
" is puffed up with a vanity and ſelf-conceit-
" ed importance, almoſt without a parallel.
" This *obſcure* man has contrived, by theſe
" qualifications, to thruſt himſelf upon the
" publick notice, and become the ſcorn of
" every man of character and of virtue.—
" Such is the blaſphemy, ſuch is the im-
" piety, the obſcenity, the impudence and
" the contempt of all decent reſpect, which
" pervade his numerous pamphlets in verſe,
" that the reader is ill repaid by the lively
" ſallies of humour which frequently ani-
" mate this maſs of crudities. I form my
" judgment *from his works*, and not from any
" acquaintance whatever with the man.

" Yet I hear that " he breathes a warm
" *conſtitutional* ſpirit," becauſe, forſooth, he
" has told us in ſome trumpery ode, of the
" neceſſity of a *king* or a *leg*, or a *nail*; after

" he

" he has perpetually reviled and held up to
" ſcorn every maſter principle, by which
" government and ſociety are maintained.
" I will not waſte a verſe on ſuch a charac-
" ter; but ſay honeſtly and plainly, that
" though I cannot often ſmile, and ſome-
" times be pleaſed, with the humour and the
" manner, yet I think I perceive ſuch a root-
" ed depravity and malignity of heart that,
" *from the conſideration of his works*, I can affirm
" almoſt unequivocally of this obſcure man,
" in the words of the ſevereſt writer of an-
" tiquity,

" Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum
" Pingue, caret culpâ, neſcit quid perdat, et alto
" Demerſus, ſumma rurſum non bullit in unda.
Pers. Sat. 3. v. 32.

" N. B. This man's works (now publiſh-
" ed) amount *in value* to above *four guineas*;
" but we are informed that a ſet may be had
" for TWO GUINEAS AND A HALF IN 4TO,
" or for TWO GUINEAS in four volumes
" 8vo !!!—What an inducement to a pur-
" chaſer! (1794).—Poſterity (if it can be
" ſuppoſed that ſuch traſh ſhould exiſt) will
" be aſtoniſhed, that the preſent age ſhould
" look with patience on ſuch malignant ri-
" baldry.

" baldry. I am very ſorry that Mr Roſcoe " in his admirable life of Lorenzo de Medici, " and The Britiſh Critick, (I ſuppoſe inad- " vertently) ſhould give any portion of it " the ſlighteſt approbation. For ſhame! " *Non hæc in fœdera!* (1796.)" Why ſhould our author ſneer at obſcure men, when he wiſhes obſcurity to gather round him, p. 18. if he means by obſcure, that a man is not diſtinguiſhed by birth, rank, or fortune, that, I doubt, is the caſe with moſt authors; but if he means little known to the world, neither Dr Walcot nor his works are obſcure: it is not every one that has the power of rhyming ludicrouſly, that is gifted with poetry; our author has ſome very ludicrous rhymes, but he has very little poetry. That P. Pindar's vanity is not without a parallel, a certain perſon has given many proofs—that he has written too much I am willing to allow, becauſe he has not always written equally well; but that he has written as no other man has, in a ſtile of original humor, I will maintain in ſpite of all the conceited phariſees who boaſt themſelves of their propriety of character, becauſe they have no appetites to lead them aſtray; and whatever airs our author may take upon

upon him, there are many men of virtue and character who are not aſhamed to be acquainted with P. Pindar, though they might with him: in what decent reſpect he is deficient, he has not told us—the ſentence is unfiniſhed; our author's repetition of the 'of,' in the words of 'character and of virtue,' ſhew his want both of ear and taſte. To ſhew how looſely and at random he writes, he has accuſed P. Pindar of holding up to ridicule every maſter principle by which government and ſociety are held together, and he has not mentioned any; but it is paying a poor compliment to theſe principles to ſuppoſe they can be ſo eaſily laughed out of countenance. Poſterity need not be aſtoniſhed at the applauſe given to P. Pindar's writings, if they have any taſte for humor or ſatire; but they will be aſtoniſhed, if they ever ſee it, that any age could look with patience on ſuch a book as our author's, of which the ſtile is execrable, and the ſpirit much worſe—what does he mean by ſaying, 'if it can be ſuppoſed ſuch traſh ſhould exiſt?' it does exiſt, and moſt likely it will continue to exiſt when his own has ceaſed to be remembered: his expreſſion of regret at the approbation

bation an author of credit has given to P. Pindar, is in his true ſpirit; but why ſhould others be prohibited from approving what he has thought in ſome degree worthy of praiſe: he confeſſes that P. Pindar is by no means uninformed, that he has a ſingular talent for humor, that he often ſmiles and is ſometimes pleaſed with him, and yet nobody elſe is allowed to ſay the ſame—this is tyranny with a vengeance. *Non hæc in fœdera*, —Virgil has, Æn. 4. 339. *Aut hæc in fœdera veni*, theſe words therefore are not quoted, but adapted.

" The notes which Mr Hayley, who is a " very ingenious man and a pleaſing ſcho- " lar, has written on his various poems are " very amuſing, and not unfrequently af- " ford much inſtruction. Had he but learned " the art of blotting, he might poſſibly have " attained conſiderable eminence, and pre- " ſerved it. But as he is in general too fee- " ble, tedious, and inſufferably prolix, *(une " boutique de verbiage)* conſequently, &c. &c. " See Horace, who has pronounced an irre- " verſible ſentence on all ſuch perſons ſtiling " themſelves poets, however *voluminous* their " works may be." The character of Mr

Hayley's poetry is too well eſtabliſhed to be deſtroyed by our author's *et ceteras*; his Triumphs of Temper is in the ſtory and the moral far ſuperior to Pope's Rape of the Lock, which, though it has more invention and better verſification, tends to nothing very uſeful; it amuſes, but it does not intereſt; we are pleaſed with the delicacy of the machinery, and the beauty of the lines, but the ſubject is too trifling to lay hold of the heart or feelings: Mr Hayley's beautiful ſtory is intereſting and inſtructive to every female heart—no young woman can read it without receiving a leſſon of patience, conſtancy, and filial tenderneſs—without feeling the true value of good temper, ſimplicity of manners, and female accompliſhments—without an admiration of Serena's virtue, compaſſion for her diſtreſſes, and generous ſympathy with her triumphs: yet with all theſe claims to praiſe, the machinery is ſometimes tedious, and the verſification often inharmonious.

" See " The Botanick Garden and the " Loves of the Plants, by Dr. Darwin." I " wiſh men would peruſe the treatiſe de " Cauſis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ, printed at " the

" the end of Tacitus, under the title "Dia-
" logues de Oratoribus," one of the moſt
" finiſhed treatiſes of antiquity, before they
" attempt by prettineſſes, glittering words,
" points, conceits, and forced thoughts, to
" ſacrifice propriety and juſt imagery to the
" rage of mere novelty." Should any part of this heavy accuſation be found true, as applied to Dr Darwin's poetry, I will forfeit every pretenſion to the knowledge of what poetry is, or ought to be: that the verſes of Dr Darwin are ſweet, are harmonious, are perhaps too exquiſitely delicate, will not be denied; but that they have the faults attributed to the Roman orators, is no more true than that the exquiſite elegance of a fine lady reſembles the tawdry trumpery of a common proſtitute: I will dare our author to produce any verſification, ſince the time of Pope, equal to Darwin's, or any imagery more beautiful than the tale of Mars and Venus ſurpriſed by Vulcan, the account of Steel, of China, and laſtly, of the progreſs of liberty in the Œconomy of Vegetation, or the alluſions to the plague in Holland in the Loves of the Plants: his love, and his praiſes of liberty conſtitute, with our author, his

great offence; but he will do well to conſider, whether the charge he has brought forward againſt Darwin might not, like Seneca's againſt the authors of his time, be turned againſt his own writings: as he has choſen to introduce the mention of the famous dialogue on the corruption of Roman eloquence, I will not omit to remark, that it may be read with ſingular advantage, as a treatiſe of public morality, for it ſhews, in a ſtrong light, the dangers of corruption and arbitrary power: from corrupt government come corrupt manners, corrupt taſte, and corrupt eloquence: the progreſs is accurately traced. While I ſpeak of Dr Darwin, I will add, that he and his chemical friends have done more for the world than a thouſand ſuch writers as the author of the Purſuits of Literature: I do not mean to depreciate the merit of philology or politics, they have been my principal ſtudy, but I am not therefore the leſs ready to acknowledge the value of natural or experimental philoſophy: where philology and philoſophy are united, that man's knowledge is nearly complete; Darwin poſſeſſes both in a greater degree than any man of the preſent century, D'Alambert

and

and Voltaire hardly excepted. The French philoſophers are, in general, more famous for this happy union than ours, who frequently waſte too much time upon words. Bentley's Horace, and his Milton, are lamentable examples of verbal criticiſms carried to exceſs, and I might name ſome great men, of our own times, who have miſemployed their talents in the ſame trifling purſuits.

" I allude to the poiſing of ſentences, their " triads, and other artificial diviſions of mo- " dern proſe, by which the whole ſimplicity " and natural dignity of our Engliſh ſtyle is " abandoned and loſt." All theſe faults are to be traced to Dr Johnſon, who firſt began, like Seneca at Rome, to corrupt the purity and ſimplicity of our language, by heavy words and labored ſentences.

" Such traſh as a vile pamphlet called " Kilkhampton Abbey, &c. &c. &c. in ſhort " the whole mugitus Labyrinthi.—Every " age produces ſimilar traſh, and this name " ſerves as well as any other to mark my " meaning in this place." It does not appear that Juvenal meant to throw any contempt on writers who had related the *mugi-*

tum

tum labyrinthi, or ſuch ſtories, he only ſays, it is needleſs to have recourſe to ſuch ſtories, when a writer may find ſo much matter in his own country—Sat. 1. 53.

" Put for almoſt any modern novel. Mrs. " Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. " Mary Robinſon, Mrs. &c. &c. though all " of them are very ingenious ladies, yet " they are too freqnently *whining* or *friſking* " in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild " with impoſſible adventures, and now and " then are tainted with democracy.—Not ſo " the mighty magician of THE MYSTERIES " OF UDOLPHO, *Mrs. Anne Radcliffe*, bred " and nouriſhed by the Florentine Muſes in " their ſacred ſolitary caverns, amid the paler " ſhrines of Gothick ſuperſtition, and in all " the drearineſs of inchantment: a poeteſs " whom Arioſto would with rapture have " acknowledged." Why ſhould our author have praiſed the high-flown extravagance of Mrs Radcliffe at the expence of other writers, in whom ſimplicity, nature, and pathos are juſter claims to laſting applauſe? but I need not aſk; Mrs Smith has written ſome novels of a democratic tendency, and Mrs Inchbald is a follower of the new philoſophy, which

teaches

teaches us to contract our wants and refine our pleaſures: while he laments the decline of ſimplicity in our ſtile and ideas, let him reconſider the Myſteries of Udolpho, and reviſe the lines in which he has ſpoken of its authoreſs; if ſuch traſh is admired, our ears and our taſte are indeed debauched by honied ſentences and pompous words.

" I would ſay a word on Romances or " Novels." Why ſhould he not ſay a word of novels *and* romances, inſtead of *or* romances, as if they were the ſame ſpecies of writing: novels are copies of real life, romances are only copies of the imagination—invention creates what is probable, imagination the reverſe. Fielding ſhewed invention in his different novels—Pope ſhewed his imagination in the Rape of the Lock—and Shakeſpeare in his Midſummer Night Dream, in which he has created a new world of imaginary beings.

" Every perſon ſhould be well acquainted " with the whole of Cervantes, of Le Sage's " unequalled and unrivalled Gil Blas, and of " Tom Jones, (that great comick Epick " poem) by Fielding. Theſe perhaps are " all, which it is *neceſſary* to read. They

" afford

" afford illuſtration to every event of life." I am ſurpriſed that a perſon of our author's delicacy and modeſty ſhould ſpeak in terms of ſo unqualified approbation of two ſuch novels as Gil Blas and Tom Jones, where every character that is looſe in manners, and unprincipled in morals, is preſented, without remark or diſguiſe, to the view of youthful inexperience; they afford illuſtration to many events of life, it is true, but to many which it were better ſhould be kept in ſecret—to amours and intrigues with actreſſes and chamber-maids, which can have no tendency but to debauch the morals of youth, and introduce them prematurely to the knowledge of the worſt part of human nature and human characters. Tom Jones indeed has a worſe tendency even than the other, for the very object and end of the book is bad; it is to leſſen the hatred due to vice, by connecting it with amiable qualities, and to diminiſh the love of virtue, by making it appear to be hypocriſy,—it has originality, it is true, and is drawn from nature, but from ſuch parts of nature as ought to be repreſented with caution, and not without a comment—it has humor, but it is often very low, and grows tedious

dious by its fameneſs: if our author's knowledge of novels can lead him to nothing more than to repeat the common cant in favor of Tom Jones, I fear he has been recommending a ſpecies of writing with which he is very little acquainted, or he might have ſelected others more worthy of being exhibited to the undebauched ſentiments of ignorant, inexperienced, and uncorrupted youth; in theſe two far-famed novels, there is a great deal to amuſe, a great deal to give us an inſight into the follies and vices of others, which is called, I doubt too juſtly, knowing the world; but there is nothing which can improve the morals or correct the heart: it is right to ſhew the vices of mankind in glaring colours, but it is poſſible to do this without prying into their indecencies.

"From theſe, with great caution, we muſt "paſs to later writers. Smollett had much "penetration, though he is frequently too "vulgar to pleaſe; but his knowledge of "men and manners is unqueſtionable." Smollett's knowledge of life was inferior to Fielding's, his characters are all over-drawn,

they are caricatures; Fielding never overſteps the bounds of nature.

" Let us then turn to Clariſſa, the work of " a man of virtue and genius, which is too " celebrated for any additional praiſe. Mrs. " Charlotte Smith has great poetical powers, " and a pathos which commands attention." Rather an odd way of turning to a ſubject, to ſay not one word about it, but that others have ſaid enough already: to allow merely that Mrs. Smith has great poetical powers, is but paltry praiſe for the author of the fineſt ſonnets in the language, and but ill applied as a character of her novels; for imagination forms the eſſence of poetry, and novels are but the work of invention, a talent inferior to the other.

" All the world knows that Cato learned " Greek at ſixty years of age, to read the " romances in that tongue." What all the world knows, often turns out to be not true, which is the caſe here; for though many authors mention the fact of Cato's having learnt Greek very late in life, no one mentions his age—the editors of the General Dictionary doubt the fact, on good grounds

and

and authorities: as to the purpoſe of his learning it, he muſt tell us where he found it, for no claſſical author has related it; and what is more extraordinary, there are no romances in the Greek tongue older than chriſtianity, and Cato died 148 years before Chriſt's birth.

" Alluding to the ſwarm of free thinking " and democratical pamphlets with which " the publick have been peſtered. It is " hoped that the interference of the legiſla- " ture and the conſtitutional exertions of " private ſocieties have either leſſened their " number, or deprived them of their malig- " nant intentions. The time for diſcrimina- " tion ſeems to be come. Toleration is fully " granted to all opinions, ſubject to the con- " troul of the legiſlature after their publica- " tion, in the open courts of law by the ver- " dict of a *jury*, in which *true liberty* conſiſts. " Good order and juſt authority muſt be " maintained with vigour and deciſion." Let me aſk the author, if he and his party mean to monopoliſe all the wiſdom and knowledge in the world, or other people are to be permitted to have their ſhare, and to ſpeak their ſentiments when they differ from

theirs? Are government and religion, by ſome divine patent, ſo excluſively fixed and appropriated to one ſet of men, that it is illegal and dangerous to diſpute their wiſdom or their power? it ſeems ſo, yet whatever they may ſay or enact, I am ſatisfied that the moſt unlimited agitation of all opinions, is the only means of preſerving the peace and happineſs of the world—it is by the gradual and imperceptible change of ſentiment introduced by writings, that the greateſt revolutions are ſilently effected; and the renovation of the body politic, like that of the natural body, is produced without a pang or a ſtruggle: no opinions which do not recommend force can be dangerous to the community, it is only the oppoſition to them that ever has been ſo.

" But HE is chiefly to be conſulted, who, " if I may be allowed to uſe the language a " little metaphorically, " hath ſtood between " the dead and the living, and ſtayed the " plague," EDMUND BURKE; greater and " brighter in the decline, than in the noon " day of his life and vigour. It would be " almoſt an injury to name the works where- " of all Europe rings; but to his country-

" men

" men they ſpeak with a force not to be re-
" ſiſted.

" OMNES
" Admonet, et MAGNA teſtatur VOCE per umbras,
" DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI, ET NON TEMNERE
" DIVOS. (1794.)"

This metaphorical language is taken from Numbers xvi. 48. Our author, who knows Greek better than Athenagoras, and Latin better than Pliny, has a quotation from his epiſtles in theſe words, *Sunt adhuc curæ hominibus fides et officium; ſunt qui defunctorum quoque amicos agant*, whereas Pliny wrote *eſt adhuc*—Epiſt. 17. lib. 1.

" Whoever warns *the living* againſt a mor-
" tal diſtemper, or ſhews the cauſe of it, and
" the mode of prevention, and the final re-
" medy, may be ſaid to ſtand, as a guardian
" angel, between the dead and the living.
" In this ſenſe, EDMUND BURKE ſtayed the
" plague, by his maſterly, vigorous, and for-
" midable expoſure, to the kingdoms of
" Great Britain and Ireland, of the modern
" French principles and national deſolation,
" in all the fullneſs of their deformity, and in
" the terrors of their operation. The ſpear
" of Ithuriel diſcovered and diſplayed Satan
" in

" in his proper ſhape." The effects of Mr Burke's writings have been ſufficiently felt in France and Ireland, heaven forbid they ſhould ever have ſimilar effects in this country; as a contraſt to our author's opinion of theſe writings, I will give the words of one who is as good a judge of human nature, and poſſeſſes a better heart, vide Letters from France in 1793, vol. 4. p. 145, 216.

" *The baſis, blaſphemy.*—This is the progreſs " of modern Republicaniſm. The diſſolu- " tion or rejection of *all* religious principle " prepares the mind for breaking every " bond of eſtabliſhed government, however " juſt or reaſonable, to introduce into prac- " tice ſome new theory of general good: ſo " very general, as to have nothing to do with " the good of the individual. For the na- " ture of this GENERAL GOOD conſult the " National Aſſembly and Convention of " France: " Agri, edificia, loca, poſſeſſiones, " (COELUM ET MARE prætermiſerunt, cæte- " ra complexi ſunt) publice *data*, ASSIGNA- " TA, *vendita!*" Cic. de Leg. Agrar. Orat. 3. " Mirabeau *began* with theſe memorable " words: " Si vous voulez une REVOLU- " TION, il faut *commencer* par *decatholiciſer la* " *France.*"

" *France.*" Our author is here either ignorant of his ſubject, or wilfully wiſhes to miſrepreſent; he ſeems to have a general idea of the confuſion and diſtreſs which have attended the French revolution, and without any examination, pronounces them to be the natural conſequence of the French principles of government, with the ſame degree of raſhneſs with which a perſon, in natural philoſophy, deduces an effect from a cauſe which are not immediately and neceſſarily, but accidentally connected. The evils that have afflicted France have not been thoſe of anarchy, but of tyranny, which ariſe not from the exerciſe, but the contempt of univerſal ſuffrage; for all the factions which have yet ruled, have always deſpiſed the will of the people, and oppreſſed them for their own purpoſes,—neither is it the natural conſequence of univerſal repreſentation that the power of the people ſhould be uſurped by one or more individuals, it is the conſequence of a ſtate of war and internal diviſion; and the corrupt ſtate of public morals, a remnant of deſpotiſm, indiſpoſes the people to their true intereſt; and thoſe who were intended to be the guardians, become the

the oppreſſors of their rights—no free ſtate can exiſt, but in the virtue and wiſdom of the majority. Our author connects eſtabliſhments and religion ſo eſſentially together, that he ſometimes miſtakes the one for the other, as in the preſent inſtance: to prepare the people for the revolution in France, Mirabeau maintained that it was eſſential to deſtroy the catholic ſuperſtition, and he was right; for a religion which inculcates implicit ſubmiſſion both to our ſpiritual and temporal rulers, is the great foe of all improvement, which muſt firſt be deſtroyed, before any good can be expected: the author, in his great zeal for eſtabliſhments of any ſort, has twiſted this declaration into a rejection of all religion. Mirabeau, it is true, was a ſpeculative atheiſt; but, like many other atheiſts, he maintained, that the multitude muſt be governed by ſome religion or other—neither his words, therefore, nor his private ſentiments will juſtify the concluſion, that he aimed at the overthrow of every religious principle, becauſe he wiſhed to deſtroy a domineering eſtabliſhment—neither can the ſame charge be fixed upon the Revolution, becauſe he was one of the leaders

of

of it; it went to the diſſolution of all religious eſtabliſhments, yet left room for religious principle, wherever it might chooſe to ſettle: but our author has coupled to this another accuſation, equally groundleſs and equally ridiculous—that becauſe the founders of the French revolution wiſhed to overthrow deſpotiſm, they therefore intended to deſtroy every principle of government by which mankind are held together: at the commencement of the Revolution, certain principles of liberty were laid down, which have been the baſis of every conſtitution from the firſt to the preſent—theſe principles once recogniſed, can never be loſt, though they may be neglected or contemned. The rejection of eſtabliſhments is not the overthrow of all religion, nor the ſubverſion of deſpotiſm the diſſolution of all government, and anarchy is a ſtate ſo unnatural, that it never can, nor ever has, exiſted in any country for ſix months together.—*Nihil porro tam aptum ad jus conditionemque naturæ, (quod cum dico,* legem *a me, nihil aliud intelligi volo) quam* imperium, *ſine quo nec domus ulla, nec civitas, nec gens, nec hominum univerſum genus ſtare, nec rerum natura omnis, nec ipſe mundus poteſt.—*

Quibus autum regia poteſtas non placuit non ii nemini, *ſed non* uni, *ſemper parere voluerant. Itaque oportet et eum qui paret, ſperare ſe aliquo tempore imperaturum et illum qui imperat, cogitare brevi tempore* ſibi eſſe parendum—Cicero de Legibus, lib. 3, l. 2.—This is the true ſpring and principle of republics—when power often changes hands, it will never be miſuſed. The French conſtitution does not reſt on any theory of general good, but on the practical good of individuals—it is founded on equality of rights, which is the only ſure ground of happineſs to the whole of mankind: the general good for which we are to conſult the National Convention was not, as our author inſinuates by his capitals, a general evil, but the evil of a certain ſet of individuals, ſome of whom were puniſhed juſtly, and others unjuſtly; but though the principles of liberty might be violated, they could not be deſtroyed by any convention, and will ſurvive all the exceſſes committed in her name by republican, or any other deſpots.

" One of the moſt extraordinary treatiſes " of this kind, is a work in French, intitled, " THE RUINS: or a Meditation on the Re- " volution of Empires; by MR. VOLNEY,

" De-

" Deputy to the National Aſſembly in " 1789." It is written with ſome ſpirit, " and not without eloquence in ſome parts, " and abounds with what is *now* called Phi- " loſophy." I will not attempt to defend the ſingularity of Mr Volney's ideas on the exiſtence of Jeſus Chriſt; the ſubject requires more examination than it has yet had: I will only ſay, it is not a fair way of treating a book, to reject the whole as ridiculous, on account of a few unintelligible paſſages: mankind have, at all times, ſhewn a great propenſity to perſonify the operations of nature, and the qualities of their ſpecies; there is much good in it, and the laſt chapter alone contains more truth than all the books that have been written for and againſt religion— it deſerves to be attended to. What our author means by putting the word *now* in italicks, he beſt knows—what is now called philoſophy has always been called ſo, the ſearch after wiſdom, or truth.

" The intent of this book is to attack every " principle of religion in the heart, even the " principles of the religion now termed, Na- " tural." Deiſm, or the knowledge of God diſcoverable by the light of nature, is now,

and has always been termed, Natural Religion.

" And all this is attempted to be done, " that the world may be prepared for the " French Revolution, and the principles on " which it was effected." Here is a little anachroniſm, for the French Revolution was begun in 1789; Mr Volney's book was not publiſhed till 1792, it could not therefore prepare for that by which it was preceded. The author ought to ſay from what edition he quoted, for the page (88.) which he refers to in the French original contains no ſuch words in the edition of 1792, but they are to be found at page 70. What he has quoted from p. 167 is to be found at p. 129, and the laſt, which is without a reference, is from the title to the 13th chapter, with the ſlight variation of one word, *les* for *ſes*.

" Yet he demands the admiſſion of *all his* " allegories and myſtical meanings, (of " which, in the true French ſtile, no doubt " is to be entertained,) and then the world " is to be emancipated and delivered. From " what?—From credulity and ſuperſtition. " Q. E. D. Upon this Mr. Volney ob- " ſerves, " the prieſts murmur." He does not

not demand any thing from his reader more than any other author demands, to be read attentively; for the cauſes of the "murmurs of the prieſts" ſee p. 173.—"Profeſſing themſelves to be wiſe, they became fools," Rom. i. 22.

"Quantis ſurpiriis et gemitibus fiat, ut "*quantulacunque ex parte poſſit intelligi* DEUS!" —From what part of St Auſtin's works our author has taken this quotation he has not deigned to tell us, and I am not bound to ſearch, not being familiar with ſuch writers; but for the character and hiſtory of this worthy Saint, as drawn by the maſterly hand of Robert Robinſon, I refer my readers to his Hiſtory of Baptiſm, p. 202. or the Monthly Review, vol. 5, New Series, where it is extracted. Mr Gibbon has likewiſe given a conciſe character of him and his writings, ſo far as he has read them, for with all his induſtry and curioſity he confeſſes he is only acquainted with two of his works, Rom. Hiſt. vol. 6, p. 22, ed. 8vo. Our author's fondneſs for this ſaint and ſinner may probably be traced to ſome reſemblance he finds between him and one of his own intimates, whoſe preſent ſeverity deſerves

ſerves to be contraſted with his early debauchery, and contempt of principle.

" Before I cloſe this note, I cannot help " reminding, not informing, *every* reader, " that even Tacitus, (the favourite author of " many free thinkers, though I know not " why) has borne teſtimony to the exiſtence " and laſt ſufferings of JESUS CHRIST, under " the procurator Pontius Pilate, in the reign " of Tiberius. " Auctor nominis ejus " CHRISTUS, qui Tiberio imperitante, per " procuratorum Pontium Pilatum, ſupplicio " affectus erat, Annal. L. 15. ſect. 44." Our author need not wonder why Tacitus is a favourite writer with free thinkers, for no man more boldly attacked the groſs ſuperſtitions of his country; the quotation is from Tacitus, with a little addition; the word *qui* is our author's; Tacitus had no need of it,—perhaps he had.

" Non eſt qui judicat verè; confidunt in " nihilo, loquuntur vanitates; conceperunt " laborem, pepererunt iniquitatem," is a quotation from Iſaiah lix. 4. probably the author forgot whence it came, as it is not exact—I had a faint recollection of it, but it coſt me ſome trouble to find it out.

" A

" A friend of mine would *inſiſt* upon my " peruſing a long diſquiſition in quarto, ON " THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, (printed in " 1786) with numerous and moſt diſguſting " plates." I doubt this delicate little gentleman keeps very bad company. O fye, fye! to read ſuch books—but, however, as he could not help it, I will forgive him.

" The ſolemnity with which the Dilet- " tanti meet and preſent their *valuable* works " to the choſen few, and the inſcription in " the blank leaf of each book, are rather lu- " dicrous." The author need not have put the word *valuable* in italics, with a ſneer, for the Dilettanti Society have preſented many valuable works to the world, among which are, Dr Chandler's Travels, and the Ionian Antiquities; as to their ſolemnities, they are not more ridiculous than thoſe of another ſociety, whoſe mace, though gilded, ſome people ſuſpect to be of lead, as a proper emblem of their works.

" *Græce*
" *Diſcumbunt; nec velari* PICTURA *jubetur:*
" *Forſitan expectes, ut Gaditâna canoro*
" *Incipiat* prurire *choro.* JUV."

Here

Here is an inſtance of the licentiouſneſs of quotation, not to be tolerated—here are three different paſſages of Juvenal made into one, with the help of two changes of words—firſt, Juvenal has in Sat. 6. 190. concumbunt *græce*; next, in Sat. 6. 340. ubi *velari pictura jubetur*,—and laſtly, Sat. 11. 162.

Forſitan expectes ut Gaditana canoro
Incipiat prurire choro.

I leave it to the judgment of my reader whether this is proper or honeſt: if ſuch patching be allowed, it is eaſy to tack any number of lines together, and call it a quotation; and any man or ſubject may be condemned claſſically, by any coxcomb who wiſhes to be thought learned.

" Such are, what I would call, the records " of the ſtews and bordellos of Grecian and " Roman antiquity, exhibited for the re- " creation of antiquaries, and the obſcene " revellings of Greek ſcholars in their pri- " vate ſtudies." What a pity that ſo delicate a gentleman ſhould be obliged to handle ſuch naſty ſubjects: I deteſt wanton indecency, either in books or converſation, as much as any man; but when I think right to ſpeak of it in a ſtile of reprehenſion, I uſe

no

no affected delicacy—I am not aſhamed of my own language, and if that will ſupply me with terms, I never reſort to another—but our dainty gentleman was afraid to ſay *bawdy-houſes*, ſo he ſpoke it prettily, in Italian, *bordellos*.

" I recommend to him a ſentence from " an author, who perhaps is not in his ca- " talogue, though Mr. ——— would be " thought a philoſopher :

" Σοφια πρωτον αγνη εστιν, επειτα ειρηνικη."

Mr Knight is admoniſhed in the language of an apoſtle, whom it is ſuppoſed he has never ſeen, and therefore cannot expoſe the defect of the quotation ; for the wiſdom which the apoſtle ſpeaks of, James iii. 17. is heavenly wiſdom, which, though it may be very peaceful, has nothing to do with Mr Knight: he has been indecent, it is true, but that is no breach of the peace, though our author has attempted to raiſe the *poſſe comitatus* againſt him.

" See a book entitled *Thelypthora*, or *The* " *Cauſes of Female Ruin:* in 3 vols. 8vo." In all that he has ſaid of Mr Madan he is grievouſly miſtaken, for the whole tendency of the work is to prevent immorality and de-

bauchery, and not one word in it can offend the moſt delicate ear—his only fault was having taken a great deal of needleſs pains to prove a very obvious truth, that marriage, in the ſight of God, depends not on human ceremonies—his quotation from Thelyph. vol. 1. p. 117. is not to be found.

" Next appear *Iriſh Archbiſhops* and IN-
" TELLIGENT *Engliſh Fiſhmongers*, (an epi-
" thet, by the bye, he denies the Archbiſhop)
" and all this waſte of beautiful language and
" deep reſearch is expended to convince the
" R. S. of the exiſtence of gizzard-ſtomached
" trouts." Why ſhould Mr Barrington add the epithet *intelligent* to Archbiſhops? Are they not all intelligent? But the author's wicked humor will not ſpare even his friends.

" All learned Societies muſt *now* look to
" their *original* principles, and conſider well
" *the characters of the candidates* who are of-
" fered for their choice, as aſſociates. If
" they will not, the buſts of Newton and of
" Boyle ſhould be veiled. (1797.)" A good hint this to colleges and univerſities; but I will aſk the author why now particularly it behoves theſe bodies to conſider the end of their inſtitution? I ſuppoſe he will ſay, be-

cauſe

cauſe a ſpirit of inquiry is gone forth into the uſes and conduct of all public bodies: and from whence does this proceed, but from the ſame ſpirit that produced the French Revolution, which to uſe the elegant expreſſion of Mrs Barbauld, 'with the ſpear of Ithuriel, 'is now trying the eſtabliſhments of the earth.' Our author, forgetting his horror of every thing French, has alluded to a French cuſtom, in the worſt times of the Republic; had any other man done ſo, we ſhould have ſoon heard him cry out.

" It is by no means intimated that Doc-
" TOR (I beg pardon) SIR CHARLES Blag-
" den, (the Secretary to the R. S. 1794) is
" given to profane ſwearing when he is
" on ſuch occaſions, but ſuch works damn
" themſelves." Here is an ill-natured ſneer at an individual, which has nothing to do with the public in any ſhape, and yet the author declares that he writes from no private motive whatever, ſee p. 42.—'I attack no man in his individual capacity,' p. 15.

" All the tribe of major and of minor cri-
" ticks (*of ſingle and of double pinks*, as Mr.
" Sheridan ſays in *his* CRITICK) on this *im-*
" *portant* ſubject." This is a quotation for the

ſake of quoting—it neither illuſtrates nor adorns, "*Vitæ ſumma brevis*," Hor. Od. lib. 1. 4. l. 25.

"As to this ſtrange ſubject, the worſt that "can be ſaid of it is, "magno conatu magnas "nugas;" but they are trifles rather plea- "ſant and inſtructive." *Magno conatu* is *magno jam conatu*, Teren. Heaut. 4. l. 8.

"N. B. It often requires *miraculous* dili- "gence, even in theſe days, to *get at* one's "arrears. *See* Mr. Pitt and the Lords of the "Treaſury, if you can get a ſight of them. "I never could." A great deal of matter is here contained in three lines, but of matter not much to the author's credit; for it proves that he has to receive money at the treaſury, and is therefore ſomehow connected with government, which he has denied: his attempt at a pun on the word *ſee* is very poor: we have many ſuch attempts, but leſt other people ſhould not ſee them, they are generally put in italics, as an attorney, in ſome forgotten farce that I have read or ſeen acted, ſays, 'Gentlemen, I mean a pun;' or as a bad painter writes upon a ſign, 'This is a lion,' or, 'This is a horſe.'

"I wiſh however, that ſome of our Sta- "tutes

" tutes at Large could be a little wire-drawn " and hot preſſed by a Committee of Parlia- " liamentary Printers and Compoſitors. " (1794.)" There is little occaſion for the Statutes at Large to be wire-drawn, they rather require to be compreſſed—as to hot-preſſing, our author can certainly never wiſh to ſee fire applied to them in any ſhape.

" Ne pour la digeſtion, as La Bruyere " would ſay." This is making a quotation where he cannot find one.

" The reader will ſupply one to his fancy. " But he muſt not imagine, that I mean " mere London Divines, frequenters of routs, " plays, operas, Bond-ſtreet, and Kenſington " Gardens, or chatterers in bookſellers ſhops, " as the repreſentatives of the Britiſh Cler- " gy, who, as a claſs of men, are in general " diſtinguiſhed for literature and philoſo- " phy, and for manners correſpondent to " their profeſſion. (1794.)" Two other writers have choſen to repreſent their clerical brethren in a very different light from that in which our author has placed them here: the London divines, indeed, he has given up;—they are paſt all defence: the writers to whom I allude are, the author of

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an Eſſay on the Decline of the Clerical Credit and Character, and the Rev. Dr Knox. It is of conſequence that the clergy ſhould appear reſpectable in the eyes of the people, for the efficacy of their inſtruction depends on the confidence which is given to their character and knowledge: if they are haughty, avaricious, contentious, ambitious, profligate, or profane, how can the people believe them ſincere? and if they doubt their ſincerity, what muſt they think of the religion they preach? The whole influence, and, in the end, the exiſtence of an eſtabliſhed religion, depends on the morals of its clergy—if they are corrupt, the foundation of the building is ſapped, it cannot ſtand long in ſecurity, —it may be propped up by the buttreſs of the ſtate, but when that is withdrawn, it will fall to the ground, for every religion that has been long eſtabliſhed becomes inevitably corrupt in its doctrines, becauſe it has ceaſed to keep pace with the improvements of the times. That the clergy of our church are entirely uncorrupt, either in morals or in doctrine, I believe no man will venture to affirm, that they are notoriouſly the contrary, will hardly be denied; but the moſt prominent part of the

the character in the preſent day, is their political interference on all public occaſions, whether called for or not,—the arm of the ſpirit they have ceaſed to confide in, and all their hopes are now in the arm of the fleſh, though, it is true, the vigor and proweſs of the junior part was lately ſomewhat reſtrained by the prudence of their graver ſuperiors, and their military ardor checked by the public diſapprobation of the biſhops. Yet they are ſtill to be ſeen foremoſt on all public occaſions where they can exhort their fellow-citizens to war, at the conſecration of colours, the dinners of volunteers, or in the pulpit to preach the lawfulneſs of bloodſhed and battle: in their writings, and in their private converſation, they are the unqualified advocates of deſpotiſm and military power, and think no means are to be neglected which can enſure their own ſafety. As a ſpecimen of their notions of government, civil and religious, I will relate what I have heard from two doctors, at preſent high in the church: —Not many years ago, in a large company, I overheard the following ſentiment gravely and pompouſly expreſſed by a perſon whom I did not then know, as I ſtood with my back

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to him, but on turning round, I found him to be a grave divine, now of conſiderable dignity: he had been ſpeaking, I ſuppoſe, of the French, for his laſt words were—"And, ſir, they have deſtroyed the hierarchy which they had even from God." The ſentiments of the other, with whom I happened to travel in a ſtage coach, were ſtill more extravagant,—we had had a good deal of converſation on the ſtate of public affairs, in which he had expreſſed great horror at the conduct and progreſs of the French; 'for they had deſtroyed,' he ſaid, 'the two only principles by which mankind can be governed, religion and the ſword:' theſe are ſpecimens of the ſentiments of the higher clergy, thoſe of the reſt are nearly the ſame, though the lower ranks are more remarkable for their poverty and ignorance than for any thing elſe; and if they ever do think of public affairs, it is only as they are influenced by the ſuperior powers: that there is much learning and much philoſophy yet to be found among the clergy, I will not deny, but that learning ſerves more to make them factious and haughty than humble teachers of Jeſus, and that philoſophy is not, as it is the faſhion now

to

to expreſs it, Chriſtian philoſophy; and as to their manners, thoſe of the higher ſort are certainly poliſhed, thoſe of the middle and lower much like the reſt of the world, neither very coarſe nor very highly refined.

" Not that infamous wretch *Tom Paine* the " Democrat, whom we all execrate, and who " is now, with or without a head in France, " I hope in the late faſhion of that country " (in 1794)." This paſſage equals, nay ſurpaſſes, in brutality, the common violence of party malice, yet the author boaſts of being a Chriſtian, an evangelical Chriſtian too; it is the ſpirit which dictated this note let looſe upon the world which has deſtroyed all the charities and the decencies of life, which has transformed the followers of a gentle Savior into dæmons of hell, and deſolated the earth with fire and ſword; it is this intolerant, exterminating ſpirit which ever thirſts for the blood of its enemies; it is this Roberſperian ſpirit which maſſacres where it cannot convince, and whoſe only argument is the rope or the guillotine.

" As to the modern Comedies of the day " by Mr. Reynolds, and the *rapid* School,

" they are below criticiſm. Farce and " O'Keefe have ſeized upon the ſtage." I heartily wiſh our author had beſtowed a little more of his caſtigation on modern plays; for ſurely the taſte for the drama was never ſo vitiated as at preſent,—nothing has been produced, for ſome time paſt, but ſplendid ſhews, and a ſpecies of harlequin comedy, in which Lewis is made to fly over chairs and tables, leap out of windows, and break china, to the great amuſement of boys and girls of all ages, who ſit cracking their ſides at his agility; but for a ſentiment, a character, or an incident drawn after nature, never think of nor expect one;—till ſuch traſh is baniſhed from the theatre, we muſt ceaſe to conſider it as a place of inſtruction, or even innocent amuſement. I ſee with pleaſure, however, that genius has not left the ſtage in all countries; and if we have it not at home, we ſometimes tranſplant it from other nations,—Kotzebue, if he will not write too faſt, is bringing us back to nature.

" Jephſon:—Author of Braganza, The " Count of Narbonne, &c. My wiſh is,

" Grande

" Grande munus
" Cecropio REPETAT cothurno.
" Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 1. v. 11.

" But no more dull "Roman Portraits"
" in 4to."

Grande munus
Cecropio repetes—inſtead of *repetat.*

" Ces propos, diras tu, ſont bons dans la Satire,
" Pour égayer d' abord un lecteur qui veut rire:
" Mais il faut les prouver. En forme. J'y conſens.
" Repons mois donc, Docteur, et mets toi ſur les bancs.
" QU'EST CE QU'UN COMMENTATEUR?
" Boileau, Sat. 8."

In his quotation from Boileau, he has, I truſt unintentionally, omitted to obſerve, that the laſt word is his own, for Boileau never wrote any thing ſo rugged. To his well merited ridicule I leave the whole gang of Shakeſpeare's murderers, the dull dark train of black letter critics, the mites and maggots of literature, who are bred in the corruption of an author, but were never born to taſte his beauties: there is but one man among them who has any livelineſs of talents, and I lament that he has waſted his time in ſuch needleſs reſearches: how could Dr Parr enumerate them among the guides of the public

taſte? Surely he will reviſe ſuch a judgement.

" The extracts will be as plenty (and as " valuable) as blackberries; though I do not " give my reaſons upon compulſion. Sir " John Falſtaff's advice is good." See Henry IV. 1ſt part, act 2d.

" *How* we read in " Gammer Gurton's " Needle" (which is a right pleaſant, witty " and merry comedy, written by Mr. S. " Maſter of Arts)." Mr S. means Mr Still; he was afterwards a biſhop, and his picture is in the library of Trinity College: his play was the firſt drama, without any allegorical perſonages, ever produced to an Engliſh audience, and contains the firſt drinking ſong extant.

" Non more probo" is *neque more probo.*

" I believe there is not one *reflecting* ſcho- " lar in this learned kingdom, who will not " join in this and in the following criticiſms " on the preſent ſubject, whether the criti- " ciſms are ſevere, jocular, or indignant," I believe few reflecting ſcholars think ſuch traſh worthy their conſideration or regard.

" The Reverend Doctor Parr, in his dedi- " cation of " Tracts of Warburton and a " Warburtonian,

" Warburtonian, &c." Dr Parr entitles his book Tracts *by* Warburton, &c.

" Of Mr. Steevens's claſſical erudition and " ingenuity much might be ſaid: yet all " which he has acknowledged as *his own* " writing, conſiſts of notes on Shakſpeare." Our author forgets the two advertiſements to the reader, which are written in a ſtile of truly claſſical elegance and ſimplicity, and the preface to his own edition of Shakeſpeare.

" I have ſelected this paſſage from Dr. " Parr's ſplendid dedication of theſe War- " burtonian Tracts, in which a man, in the " vigour of his faculties and ſtrength, has " not thought it unbecoming his character " to attack, like a puny whipſter, the eſta- " bliſhed dignity of departed excellence; " and with unbridled licenſe of language has " endeavoured to invade the retreat and the " repoſe of a moſt learned and venerable " prelate, Dr. Hurd, Biſhop of Worceſter, " now *in full age and hoary holineſs.* I ſpeak " with feeling of ſuch a conduct, and I ſpeak " with the feelings of a man; for what is a " mere ſcholar and a quoter of Greek, when " he forgets the man? I truſt Dr. Parr has " ſeverely felt the unmeaning vanity and

" ſilly

" ſilly cruelty of calling forth again to pub-
" lick notice theſe tracts, which their authors
" long wiſhed to give up to oblivion. Le-
" land, and the great and truly good and li-
" beral Jortin, might have been as ably de-
" fended at another time and in another
" place." To account for our author's ma-levolence againſt Dr Parr, I only judge from what appears in public, I am too remote from the quarrels of literary men to know of any private motive: the Doctor's liberal principles are, therefore, the only thing which appears to have given him offence; but party prejudice muſt be ſtrong indeed which can make any man ſay that Dr Parr's attack on Biſhop Hurd is that of a puny whipſter: whoever has not read it, will find it well worth his while, and then let him pronounce, if it is not rather the gigantic effort of a man, powerful in the ſtrength of his cauſe, and the might of his talents—that he has kept alive in the public remembrance the character and conduct of Biſhop Hurd, every honeſt man muſt rejoice: his Lordſhip, no doubt, is a man of taſte and learning, but what are theſe compared with the " virtues

of

of a free ſpirit."* Jortin and Leland were not alive to do themſelves juſtice, and how could they be avenged but by attacking the man who had injured them ſo inſidiouſly? I admire the author's delicate feelings for aged biſhops, when he has ſhewn ſo little pity for aged heretics; and when he ſneers at Dr Parr for quoting Greek, one is tempted to repeat the vulgar old proverb, or the following line of Juvenal:

" Quis tulerit Græchos de ſeditione querentes?"—Sat. 1ſt.

" *His* edition was condemned, or I ſhould " rather ſay, *damned* by thoſe, who in the " poet's own words,

" To his *unguarded* neſt, like *weaſel criticks*,
" *Came ſneaking*, and ſo ſuck'd his princely eggs.
" Henry V. Act 1. Sc. 2."

Theſe are not the poet's own words: they are partly our author's. Shakeſpeare ſays,

To her unguarded neſt the weaſel Scot
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs.

" SHAKSPEARE was born in the year " 1564, and died on the 23d of April in " 1616, on his birth-day. It was not until " full *ſeven years after his death*, that his plays " were

* Pope to Cragg's, Letter 3d.

" were *firſt* collected and publiſhed together " in folio, in the year 1623, by two of his " principal friends in the company of come- " dians, Hemminge and Condell. They " likewiſe corrected a *ſecond* edition in 1632. " It may ſeem ſtrange to us, but it is true, " that *no other* edition of his works was at- " tempted till *eighty-two years* after that time, " when in the year 1714 a *third* edition was " publiſhed by Mr. Rowe with very few, " if any, corrections." In this page are two material errors—firſt, there are four folio editions of Shakeſpeare's works, though the two laſt do not differ materially from the two firſt—and ſecondly, the firſt edition of Rowe's Shakeſpeare was publiſhed in 1709. Dr Johnſon, who was no bad judge, ſpeaks very differently from our author of this edition; which is to be truſted, let the learned determine.

" They of love and love's diſport
" *Treat* LARGELY, of *their mutual guilt* the ſeal.
" Milt. P. L."

Here is another paſſage adapted—Milton ſays,

They their fill of love and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal.
Book 9. v. 1042.

" Aurel

" Αυτον και Θεραποντα !"

Is from Homer, Il. 6. v. 18.

" In whatever Dr. Johnſon undertook, it " was his determined purpoſe to rectify the " heart, to purify the paſſions, to give " ar- " dour to virtue and confidence to truth." The quotation is from the laſt paper of the Rambler.

" THE ENCOUNTER of TWO DOG APES," is from As you like it, act 2, ſc. 5.

" Walter de Mapes was the jovial arch- " deacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the " eleventh century. " A decent prieſt where " monkies were the gods," Dunciad B. 3. " 208. and author of the *divine* ode, begin- " ning :

" Mihi ſit propoſitum in taberna mori ;
" Vinum ſit appoſitum morientis ori ;
" Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
" *Deus ſit propitius huic Potatori !* &c."

About ten years ago theſe very curious monkiſh rhimes were tranſlated with great ſpirit, by Mr Huddesford, in his Salmagundi ; where he found them I do not know, I have not been able to trace them farther than Cambden's Remains. Our author ſeems in general to have little idea of any ſort

of poetical meaſure; and, by his miſtake here, he ſeems to have little idea of the meaning, for in the firſt line he has *ſit* for *eſt*.

" Illum pro literato plerique laudandum " duxerunt, quum ille, næniis quibuſdam " anilibus occupatus, inter Mileſias Punicas " Apuleii ſui et *ludicra literaria* conſeneſce- " ret." (Vid. Julium Capitolinum in Vita " Clodii Albini ad Conſtantium Auguſtum.)" His quotation from Julius Capitolinus I ſuſpect him to have taken from Warburton's Divine Legation, vol. 1ſt, for there is only the difference of *duxerunt* for *duxiſtis*, which he has adapted. Julius Capitolinus is one of the writers of the Hiſtoria Auguſta, a work which is hardly claſſical, and far from elegant.

" Κατακαυχᾶται ἐλέος κρίσεως."
Rom. xi. 18.

" Cuicunque veterum fortiter oppoſue- " rim." The quotation of *cuicunque veterum* is adapted from Quintilian, who has *cuicunque eorum fortiter*, lib. 10. p. 381. Ed. Roll.

" Νεκυων AMENHNA καρηνα."
Hom. Od. 10. 521.

" Ecce *pro Clericis* multum allegavi;
" Nec non pro Preſbyteris multum comprobavi;
" Pater noſter pro me, quoniam peccavi,
" Dicat quiſque Preſbyter cum ſua SUAVI!"

This

This line ought to be *ecce jam pro Clericis*, and in the third, *Pater noſter nunc pro me, quoniam peccavi:* has our author any ears, or any corrector of the preſs? he does not ſeem to make much uſe of either. The mention of theſe monkiſh verſes naturally ſuggeſts to me a few words on modern Greek and Latin poetry, to which I am not very apt to be partial, for I hold it but a vain attempt to imitate the claſſics, and a mere waſte of time: it has the fatal effect of making young men more converſant about words than ideas, and teaches them to write mechanically rather than from reflection and thought. Yet among all the many college exerciſes that have been publiſhed, I will make one ſplendid exception, in favor of a departed and lamented friend—the public will prevent my meaning, by the recollection of JOHN TWEDDELL, whoſe truly golden work, the Academic Proluſions, will ever be read with delight by all the friends of liberty and claſſical learning; they are the moſt finiſhed and elegant compoſitions that any man at his age ever produced; they were the early fruit of ſuperior genius, and promiſed a richer harveſt: but theſe hopes are now for ever

at an end—to his virtues and talents my praiſe can add little renown, they are already embalmed in the remembrance of the public, and the hearts of his friends,—yet it gives me a pleaſing mournful ſatisfaction thus to record our early and intimate connection, for his death has left a blank in my happineſs which can never be filled up by another: his genius and learning were ſufficiently known to the public; but his humor, vivacity, and good temper, only to his friends and acquaintance. When I ſpeak of his perſonal accompliſhments, I ſpeak of them as inferior to his other qualifications, yet ſuperior to thoſe of the generality of mankind: ſuch was the man from whoſe company, converſation and friendſhip, I have enjoyed ever-varied delight, which will never be forgotton—but, alas! can never be renewed. To the delicacy of his feelings, and his love of knowledge, he fell an early ſacrifice.*—By the moſt unlimited admiſſion to the circles of

* I have thought it proper to ſay thus much of the true motive of his travels, to contradict the falſe inſinuations of thoſe who have dared to inſult the memory of a man whoſe merits they have neither talents nor liberality duly to appreciate.

of the gay, the learned, and the great, in the various nations through which he travelled, he had added a knowledge of the world to a knowledge of books, and with the moſt patient induſtry had examined every production of art and nature in five years of travel through frequented and unfrequented countries:—enriched with ſuch acquirements, he was on the point of returning home to reap the great reward of his labours, in the applauſe of his countrymen, and the careſſes of his friends, when a ſudden attack of diſeaſe put a period to his exiſtence, in the once enlightened and illuſtrious city of Athens: yet, if he was to periſh at a diſtance from his neareſt connections, no ſpot could have been more analagous to his pleaſures and his ſtudies, for he died on claſſic ground, and is entombed among the ſages of Greece—may his fame live with theirs to the remoteſt poſterity!

" I quote this for *my own* ſake, quoniam " peccavi, and am inclined to hope that " every " Preſbyter cum ſua Suavi," will be " as kind to the author of this poem on THE " PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requieſ- " cat!" So he too has trod in 'the primroſe path

path of dalliance,' ſee p. 444.—he too has had his hours of amorous delight. O the little wicked rogue—and to confeſs it ſo coolly too!—for ſhame, I am ſhocked at him—I bluſh even to think of him.

" *Finally*, as to this *famous* Edition of Shak-
" ſpeare by George Steevens, Eſq. and the
" whole black-letter *Kennell*, I muſt pro-
" nounce it's great Eulogium, as it is beau-
" tifully conceived and expreſſed in the
" words of a maſter of the moſt finiſhed La-
" tinity of the Auguſtan age. " HIC LIBER
" eſt *conglutinatus* ex tam multis libris, quot
" unus pinguis Cocus Oves boves, ſues,
" grues, anſeres, paſſeres, coquere, aut unus
" fumoſus Calefactor centum magna hypo-
" cauſta ex illis calefacere poſſit!!!" Epiſt.
" *Obſcurorum* Virorum!"—Our author, about to take his leave of quotation, after having ranſacked the claſſics, ſtumbles at laſt upon a book with which he may be ſuppoſed to be particularly acquainted—'The Epiſtles of obſcure Men,' by that ſingular, extravagant, and entertaining character, Ulric of Hutten, or as his name is latiniſed, Huttenius, who was one of the moſt intemperate advocates of the Reformation,—a man, dreaded by all parties,

parties, and hardly liked by his own; the milder and more moderate reformers, Eraſmus, Melancthon, and Quinglius, ſhunned him as a peſtilence, and he died at laſt in miſery, wretchedneſs, and poverty. Goethe, the famous German poet, has endeavoured to reſcue his memory from the reproaches of his cotemporaries, and Mr Aufrere has tranſlated the book into Engliſh. The epiſtles were written to ridicule the barbarous language of ſcholaſtic divines—they anſwered the purpoſe, the humor of them is admirable; they were condemned by Leo the 10th, and anſwered by Gratius—and are now rare, though they have been frequently re-publiſhed.

HAVING now examined particularly the firſt part of this far-famed work, I will review the ſubſtance and ſpirit of it at length: it may be expected that I ſhould have taken ſome notice of the poetry, if ſuch it can be called; but as I hold it, except in a few bright paſſages, beneath all notice, and merely as a vehicle for the notes, or as Mr Stevens ludicrouſly ſaid, as pegs to hang them on, I will make no apology for paſſing it by: the

the whole ſpirit of the book is contained in the notes—in them it is that the author has let looſe his malignity, venom, and ill-nature, the accumulated treaſures of his curioſity, the long ſtored fruits of his goſſiping reſearches: they contain all the ſcandal of literary chit-chat, the pert flippancy of a young goſſip, mixed with the graver ill nature of an old maid; but the character which predominates is of a ſerious nature, for when he attempts to joke, we ſee it is an effort beyond his power—he is ſometimes humorous, but never lively, for his ſtile is ſo generally that of reprehenſion, that his humor is like flaſhes of lightning from a dark cloud, that render the gloom more terrible: he ſometimes makes a play upon words, but ſeldom reaches a pun, and every attempt of this kind is marked in italics, leſt it ſhould be overlooked—but I ſhould forgive him the want of the lighter qualifications of a ſatiriſt, if he poſſeſſed the dignity of the higher: he is ſometimes, to be ſure, on ſtilts, and talks very big, but then he knows that nobody ſees him, and that his bluſter will coſt him nothing; if he was obliged to meet thoſe men openly, of whom he has ſaid ſuch injurious

jurious things, we ſhould hear him talk in a different ſtrain, for he can be very ſmooth before faces, and make a man believe he is much his friend, when he as cordially hates him. There are two leading features in his ſpirit and ſentiments, which prevail in all he ſays and writes, a rooted intolerance of all difference of opinion, and a determined purpoſe to ſuppreſs all who oppoſe him: when he has one object in view, he ſees but one mode of obtaining it—he admits of no change of means, no accommodation to the ſpirit of the times, no gentle yielding to the ſtorm that threatens him; if he periſhes, he will periſh all together, as he ſays of popery—he will never ſtoop to the chemiſtry of politics, to combine, extract, and amalgamate, from various and oppoſite materials, a wholeſome medicine for the ſtate—he has but one remedy for all diſorders, one infallible noſtrum for all complaints, which ſhews him more of the quack than the regular practitioner: there is no wiſdom but in his maxims, no ſafety but in his advice, no honeſty but in his heart—this may be called firmneſs, or it may be called obſtinacy, but it never can be called wiſdom or virtue, for there is a point at

which all reſiſtance to reformation only renders it more indiſpenſible; but if he chooſes to maintain his own opinions, and is either too old or too obſtinate to embrace what others believe to be truth, let him enjoy his conviction in quiet, or expreſs his ſentiments with moderation and diffidence; but this is not enough for him, he muſt have all others think as he does, he is determined to preſerve what he has been taught to believe excellent, and he cares not who ſuffers in the mean time, nor who differs from him—they muſt be put to ſilence, and all who wiſh to touch what he holds ſacred, muſt be cruſhed in an inſtant: he ſees neither wiſdom nor virtue in thoſe who have formed different notions of ſociety and government from his own; and he wiſhes to involve, in one common proſcription, the needy leveller and the honeſt reformer: his weapons, as he confeſſes, are not thoſe of gentle annoyance, or even of defence, but ponderous machines to mow down the ranks of his enemies,—I do not mean that his book is one of thoſe forty-pounders, it is a mere pop-gun—the weapons he wiſhes to uſe are more effectual, they are to be wielded by the arm of fleſh, and to ſilence men as well as their opinions.

The tendency of our author's book, which ever way it terminates, is violent and dangerous: if it anſwers his wiſhes, it leads to deſpotiſm; if it takes the other road, which is the moſt likely, it leads to anarchy; and, though he differs in name, he is in language, ſpirit, and effect, a Jacobin.* For the aim and deſire of a true Jacobin is, to force all men to his own opinions, to revile where he cannot argue, to ſilence where he cannot convince, and to murder where he cannot ſilence; and this is the ſpirit of all thoſe who go to war for opinions; ſo that their means are the ſame, though their objects are different—but our author, in addition to his general ſweeping perſecution of all writers on the ſide of the people, is moreover infected with that narrow pitiful ſpirit of ariſtocracy which thinks that all virtue, talents, and good manners, belong excluſively to its own ſet, and, like the Greeks of old, conſiders all other people as barbarians, and treats them ſo too; ſuch is the ſpirit and tendency of the work which I have undertaken to examine. I will now

* Οἰομενοί γαρ εναντία λεγειν ἀλλήλοις και ἀισθανονται, τα αὐτα πραττειν πραττοντες. Dionys. περι Δημοσθ. Δεινοτηλος.—Ed. Syl. p. 165.

ſpeak of ſome peculiarities of the author's ſtile, which I had before omitted: one prominent feature of it is, his conſtant introduction of ſcripture phraſes and expreſſions; it is indeed a tiſſue of theſe throughout, which gives it the air of a ſermon rather than a ſatire. This is a great fault even in a preacher, when it occurs frequently—what muſt it be in any other writer? it argues a barrenneſs and poorneſs of invention, when a man is obliged to make up his book of ſcraps and ſhreds of other writers, but particularly of thoſe who are generally conſulted only by authors of a graver caſt, by preachers and writers of theological controverſy. It is true that there is much ſimplicity and energy in the language of the Hebrews, which has been happily transfuſed into our tranſlation of their writings, which has alſo much of the plainneſs of antiquity. It is true alſo that our language has been improved by an adoption of their phraſeology, but that has been done ſparingly and imperceptibly, and not by the lump, as our author has done it, and by whole verſes together. I have pointed out many of the phraſes which he has borrowed from the ſcripture, and I will add many others, as they occur very frequently.

Another fault of his ſtile is its want of freedom and ſimplicity; it is conſtantly ſtiff and laboured, and ſnapped into ſhort ſentences; it has not the natural flow of a man who thinks with eaſe; it is formal without being neat, and pompous without being forcible; it is very often negligent, and contains words without ideas; he is for ever ſeeking for new and uncommon modes of expreſſion, nothing that is plain and intelligible will content him —ſuch is the character of his ſpirit and ſtile. The public will judge whether or no I have impartially repreſented him.

End of Examination of the Firſt Dialogue.

EXAMINATION

OF THE

PURSUITS of LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE SECOND.

EXAMINATION, &c.

THE Second Dialogue carries in the front of it a motto which is adapted, in the author's uſual ſtile, from Homer; the words,

Δινευο, for Δινευω—με for ε.

" That it will attract *ſome* attention in *ſome* " places, I am confident; but it will be idle " to make any conjecture as to the author. " He is, and will be, concealed upon motives " very different from the apprehenſion of " any private reſentment. I diſſuade every " perſon from flippant and random applica- " tion of any ſuppoſed name; it is as unjuſt " as it is abſurd. " Flebit et inſignas tota " cantabitur urbe," Hor. Lib. 2. S. 1. v. 45. " was ſaid of old. I do not ſay this, but I " recommend to every gentleman and lady " of eminent ſagacity and curioſity to re- " member, that there is a darkneſs which " may be felt."—So much is the author uſed

to concealment, that he not only dares not tell his own name, but the names of thoſe he thinks, and ſeems proud to think, will read his book; and with the tatling inuendo of an old maid, he hints at ſome people and ſome places, which he wiſhes to have thought mean ſomebody of very great conſequence; and then, with the true ſpirit of an inquiſitor, forbids all enquiry—and, as if this were not ſufficiently to inſult the public, he declares that all conjectures relating to him are unjuſt: but who is the author of this injuſtice—thoſe who, with the curioſity inherent in human nature, enquire after what is concealed, or he that with ſecrecy, the refuge of little ſouls, firſt raiſes curioſity, and then forbids enquiry? But here his own language fails him to expreſs the iniquity of his ideas, and he quotes both Horace and ſcripture to condemn the folly he has cauſed: when he ſays there is a darkneſs which may be felt (ſee Exodus x. 21.) he means, that thoſe who are particularly inquiſitive after his name, will feel the powers with which he is armed in ſecret, that he will ſhoot his poiſoned arrows at them in the dark, and that they will feel, though they cannot ſee, who ſtrikes.

" But if the enumeration of evils, wicked-
" neſs, folly, extravagance, abuſe of know-
" ledge in theory or in practice, and a cen-
" ſure of ſuch actions and ſuch opinions, be
" conſidered as the production of a mind
" bad, reprehenſible, and unquiet in itſelf, I
" fear, that few philoſophers are exempted
" from the charge. In my opinion, the
" Philoſopher himſelf is a Satiriſt, ſpeaking
" to the world at large, without a ſpecifick
" reference to any nation."—Our author here ſeeks to defend his own malignity, and dignifies it with the name of ſatire, which is a thing totally removed from all private and perſonal feelings—ſatire is an inſtrument for the correction of vice, not for the gratification of reſentment; it therefore never deſcends to the innocent peculiarities of private life, to perſonal defects, or pecuniary difficulties,—it undertakes the dignified employment of a corrector of morals, and never deigns to become a collector of ſcandal and anecdote: ſuch is the office our author is deſirous to fill, but for which nature never intended him—he was meant for a haberdaſher of ſmall wares, not for a wholeſale dealer, —he cannot comprehend or diſcuſs princi-

ples, but he can lay hold of characters by the piece, and retail anecdotes by the parcel. Yet this is the man who wiſhes to be thought a ſatiriſt, and a philoſopher too; and he affects to ſay that the two characters cannot be ſeparated, but he can no more diſcriminate here than on other occaſions. The philoſopher coolly diſcuſſes general principles, the ſatiriſt warmly reproves particular perſons and particular vices; he is therefore a philoſopher, inaſmuch as he applies theſe principles to the conduct of individuals, but the philoſopher is never a ſatiriſt.

" The Satiriſt, (in the common acceptation of the word) is a writer in poetry or in " proſe, who addreſſes himſelf to a peculiar " part of the world, and generally to his own " countrymen, calling them to a view of " their faults, follies, or vices, which are " deſtructive of ſociety, of government, of " good manners, or of good literature. The " philoſophick Satiriſt effects his purpoſe by " appealing to man and his nature; the modern poet ſuppoſing and acknowledging " the truth of theſe original principles, argues virtually from them, but directs his " attention to exiſting perſons, circumſtances,

" opi-

" opinions, and books, in his own times."
—The author has in this ſentence uſed the word *peculiar* for *particular*—ſuch miſtakes are not uncommon with him. Whenever the gentleman attempts to argue or diſcuſs a ſubject philoſophically, he is loſt,—his talent does not lie that way, it is ſolely for declamation and anecdote; ſo that when he wiſhes to be very wiſe, it is only by ſaying ſomething very common in a very pompous manner. All that is meant here is, that ſatirical poets apply the common principles of morality to the conduct of mankind—this I truſt is plain and intelligible; our author is rather more difficult to comprehend.

" I have always conſidered him as *the moſt* " *finiſhed gentleman* that ever wrote. I have " ſpoken more at large of this poet in the In- " troductory Letter to the P. of L."—I truſt he does not mean to conſider him as one of the mob of gentlemen that write with eaſe, whom Pope has ſo happily ridiculed—Imit. of Hor. Ep. 1. l. 107.

" Wakefield. Whenever I think of the " name of *Gilbert Wakefield*, and look at *the* " *liſt* of his works, (for I would not under- " take to read them *all*,) I feel alternate ſor-

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" row and indignation. His learning and " ſagacity are indeed ſufficient to entitle him " to *ſome* patronage, and to the removal of " every want. But his ſpirit is ſo reſtleſs, " his temper is ſo overbearing and tyrannical, " (I ſpeak *from the conſideration of his works* " *alone*) his contempt for others is ſo great, " and his perſonal vanity ſo conſpicuous, " that even Literature begins to be weary of " him. But when I turn to his religious " and political opinions, I find all the viru- " lence and aſperity of the reformer; all the " inſolence and even impudence of the aſ- " ſertors of equality; a want of decent, or " even of common reſpect to dignified cha- " racters; and a mind (naturally deſigned for " better exertions, and cultivated in the " groves of an univerſity) hoſtile and impla- " cable to every eſtabliſhment, and with a " ſtrong tendency even to ſanguinary proſe- " cution. I ſpeak of him as a publick man; " I have no contempt of his attainments.— " But I will never ſuffer him, or any other " man, who obtrudes himſelf and his politi- " cal principles and meaſures upon the pub- " lick, to paſs me without notice."—To the name and character of Gilbert Wakefield, I

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am deſirous to ſhew every poſſible reſpect, as a zealous, though ſometimes an imprudent defender of the rights of human nature. I lament that he has written ſo much and ſo haſtily; but there are among his works ſome things, which, for ſpirit and for ſtile, deſerve to be preſerved beyond the times for which they were intended. His memory and learning deſerve every praiſe, though his uſe of them is not blameleſs; his political exertions merit applauſe for every thing but prudence. He has, I doubt, deſtroyed his own comfort, and that of his family, without ſecuring any good end, but the pleaſure of ſaying what other men did not dare to ſay. I will not, however, wound the feelings of an honeſt man—I heartily wiſh him liberty and the uninterrupted exerciſe of his talents. The mean inſult here thrown out on Mr Wakefield's honorable poverty; the ſcanty portion of patronage our author, with pitiful generoſity, allots him, are almoſt too contemptible to require notice: yet this worthy man is far above the reach of ſuch mean malignity—patronage he has never courted, but the patronage of the public; and the ſimplicity of his wants and pleaſures has always

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preſerved him from the neceſſity of meanly accommodating his ſentiments to the temper of others: our author pretends to give a character of him, from his works, though he confeſſes he has not read them all; yet without reading them all, it is as impoſſible to do it properly, as to write his life without knowing all its parts: he is far from being tyrannical, either in his temper or writings, though the natural warmth of his feelings frequently leads him to expreſſions ſomewhat ſtrong, againſt ignorance, preſumption and conceit; but to the truly wiſe and learned, no man is more ready to ſubmit with reſpect and deference. Our author has ventured on a bold perſonification of literature, which, I dare ſay, he thinks very grand; it might do for poetry, but is rather too daring for proſe: if he means that literary men are weary of Mr Wakefield's illuſtrations of claſſical authors, he is miſtaken, for however ſome may condemn his bold conjectures, every man of truly claſſical ſpirit will acknowledge that he is indebted to Mr Wakefield's abundant learning and ſagacity for much information and improvement; and it is to be hoped his labors are not yet nearly finiſhed, for no man has

has ſo happily illuſtrated ſuch a variety of authors by means of each other. As to the virulence and aſperity of his religious and political opinions, who will ſay that he has more of theſe qualities than our author? if he has ſpoken with more than moderate warmth againſt thoſe whom he conceives to be enemies of religion, virtue, and ſocial happineſs, there is this difference between them, that they ſee theſe objects in different lights. What he means by inſolence, it is difficult to perceive, becauſe that rank which is acquired by virtue and talents, places Mr Wakefield infinitely above all thoſe whoſe only greatneſs conſiſts in the artificial diſtinctions of ſtation, riches, or birth; and to what dignified characters he has been wanting in reſpect, who have ſhewn any reſpect to themſelves in their conduct and character, our author muſt be kind enough to point out: it is to Mr Wakefield's credit that, though nurtured in an Univerſity, where ſervility to ſuperiors is the ſureſt road to preferment, he has preſerved that dignified elevation of ſoul which diſdains to acknowledge the claims which dullneſs, joined with dignity, makes to the reſpect of thoſe whom

fortune only has put in their power: that he is hoſtile to every eſtabliſhment, is Engliſh, though it is not the truth—but that he is implacable to every eſtabliſhment, is neither truth nor Engliſh. For the author of the Purſuits of Literature to ſay that he has no contempt for his attainments, is a great deal from an enemy ſuch as he is, though but a poor acknowledgment of talents and attainments ſuperior to thoſe of moſt other writers of the age, in their nature and variety: his determination to ſuppreſs, if he can, Mr Wakefield's farther exertions, ſhews his ſpirit and temper—it is a pity it has been ſeconded by men whoſe power is more to be dreaded than his, and whoſe arguments are more to the purpoſe: Mr Wakefield's works certainly bear the marks of haſty compoſition, but they are written with a force, ardor, and warmth, which may ſerve to atone for the want of thoſe more finiſhed beauties which are to be found in our author's. Neither men, gods, nor pillars, as our pedantic critic ſays, from Hor. Art. Poet. l. 373, will hinder Mr W.'s works from being extant, though he may endeavour to hinder them from being read; but his power is not equal to his malice.

" Obadiah took *the prophets*, and hid them " by *fifty in a cave*, and fed them *with bread* " *and water*." Kings B. 1. ch. 18. v. 4. In " the *proviſions* of that moſt important, and I " wiſh I could ſay, perpetual act, (paſſed in " 1795) for preventing ſeditious aſſemblies, " &c. &c. &c. it is ſpecified, that none of " theſe prophets, or lecturers, or diviners in " democracy, ſhall meet in greater numbers " than *by fifty* in a cave, or elſewhere: and " conſidering the inflammatory nature of " their diſorders, it is devoutly to be wiſhed, " that they may be kept upon the ſame cool- " ing diet." The author has confeſſed, with ſeeming regret, p. 167, that our mild and equitable government is under a temporary preſſure, and yet he here wiſhes this preſſure to be perpetual—ſo much for his conſiſtency and his ideas of our government: miniſters have acknowledged that theſe reſtraining laws do not make a part of the conſtitution but are only extraordinary means taken to preſerve it: the ſuſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus Act, the great bulwark of our liberties, is a part of the ſame ſet of meaſures,—perhaps our author wiſhes that to be perpetual too: he has been guilty of a little inac-

curacy to accommodate the law to the ſcripture, for though Obadiah fed the perſecuted Iſraelites by fifties, yet our law allows but of forty-nine to be gathered together; the ſentence alſo is not complete, for the word *ſame* has no correſpondent member—he means bread and water, I ſuppoſe, but thoſe words are at too great a diſtance from it to make the connection immediately apparent.

" I allude to the profound knowledge " which buſy men acquire of the moſt ſe- " cret deſigns of the Britiſh, or even of fo- " reign cabinets,—from the news-papers. " Nothing is ſo pleaſant as to hear men aſ- " ſert without the leaſt heſitation what they " *know* of the intention of Miniſters. I really " envy the ſatisfaction they feel, when they " communicate their diſcoveries to ſuch un- " enlightened and ignorant men as myſelf." The ſneer thrown out againſt the editors of newſpapers, plainly ſhews that our author has no very great reſpect either for them or their publications, nor indeed for any that diffuſe knowledge at a cheap rate among the middle ranks of ſociety—ſee alſo his ſneer on the reviewers, inſidiouſly introduced in p. 190. Were ſociety diſtinctly divided into

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two ranks, of which the one was bound to labour, not for themſelves, but for the other, like the Helots of Sparta, or the Serps of Poland, the permiſſion of newſpapers might then be conſidered as an act of folly on the part of the governors, which muſt inevitably prove their deſtruction; but in this country, where there are ſuch numerous gradations from the higheſt to the loweſt, ſuch a harmonious variety of ranks happily blended together, where each depends on the other, and, on the whole, where there is a diverſity without an oppoſition of intereſts, where the governors and the governed are alike concerned to protect each other—in ſuch a country, there can be no danger from the moſt unlimited communication of knowledge, from the moſt unreſtrained liberty of opinion, becauſe all have one common end in view, the good of the whole,—in ſuch a country, newſpapers are the very life-blood of the ſtate, which, circulating in every fibre and artery, give health and vigor to the whole; it is from this circulation being impeded that diſeaſes ariſe, for when once the blood ſtagnates in any part, the whole muſt ſuffer: Newſpapers are the daily bread of all

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ranks; the rich indeed enjoy more coſtly luxuries, the poor and middle ranks have ſeldom any other food, it is hard then to deprive them of their only ſupport. Since the introduction of newſpapers, the civilization of ſociety has rapidly encreaſed; men are no longer liable to be excited to ſudden commotions, by the propagation of falſe news, and become the dupe of idle rumors, againſt which our antient ſtatutes have ſo carefully provided, 3 Ed. I. c 34.—2 Rich. II. 5.—1 and 2 Phil. and Mary 3. by all of which it was enacted, 'that none be ſo hardy to tell 'or publiſh any falſe news or tales, whereby 'diſcord may grow between the king and his 'people, or the great men of the realm.' The extreme credulity of the people is always a proof of their ignorance—but when reports, that are raiſed one day are contradicted the next, they begin to be upon their guard, and liſten to them more cautiouſly. Newſpapers, when uncorrupted, are the greateſt ſecurity for the liberty and comforts of the people, for when the conduct of their rulers is freely examined, they are cautious how they entrench on their rights, and when every individual has it in his power to give his

his opinion on public meaſures, he feels his conſequence as a man, and is anxious to ſupport the intereſt and dignity of the ſtate, to which, as a member, he belongs. Newſpapers, were they properly conducted, might alſo be made the vehicles of moral and literary information, and, as ſuch, advance more rapidly the progreſs of improvement—they are not yet what they ought to be, nor what it is probable they will ſometime or other become. To the editors of newſpapers in general, I am not very apt to give my confidence, either for their facts or their opinions, for they are frequently the mere inſtruments of a party; but there is one man among them who deſerves to be excepted from this general cenſure, I mean the editor of the Cambridge Intelligencer—a man who, as far as it is poſſible for any human being to be impartial, is ſo in the ſtricteſt acceptation of the word: I do not ſay that he has not formed opinions hoſtile to the preſent miniſtry, and that he does not expreſs thoſe opinions with warmth and vehemence, and ſometimes with intemperance; but, on the other hand, he is not ſo bigotted to any ſet of men, as not to acknowledge, and be the foremoſt to point

point out their errors, ſuch as they appear to him,—this is being impartial, though the generality of the world think no man can be ſo who does not lean to their own opinions. Mr Flower is the zealous friend of political and religious liberty, under whatever form of government they can be beſt ſecured; and a government muſt be bad indeed which he could wiſh to be overturned,—ſo great is his horror of revolutions and bloodſhed: he is not the friend of Godwin, of Paine, or of Prieſtley—he is the friend of man, and whatever eſtabliſhment or adminiſtration he conceives to be injurious to human happineſs, that he moſt ſtrenuouſly oppoſes; but if the preſent miniſtry were to become the friends of toleration and peace, we ſhould ſee him their advocate to-morrow:—Earneſt, eager, and unremitted in his application to his duty, no event, likely to injure the cauſe he defends, can paſs him unnoticed or uncenſured;—he has ſagacity which no diſguiſe can elude, courage which no danger can terrify, and fortitude which no ſuffering can ſubdue:—without being much improved by literature, he is not deſtitute of information, and though not much refined by cultivation,

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he is not without feeling for the beauties of fine writing, ſo that his paper, though not profeſſedly literary, contains weekly many articles of general knowledge, and ſome of great poetical excellence,—it contains alſo the beſt ſelection of the political news of the week of any provincial paper now publiſhed; and Dr Prieſtley has been heard to ſay, that whoever reads that paper knows all that need be known of the politics of Europe. Upon many points, political and religious, Mr Flower and I have differed, and do differ, yet without animoſity, we are not connected by any warmth of intimacy, yet I pay him this tribute, as a debt due to the cauſe of truth, and an individual who has deſerved well of his country.

" The famous witneſs on Mr. Haſtings's " trial, the diſciple of Themiſtocles." This ſneer is not very obvious to thoſe gentlemen for whom the tranſlations are intended, for it requires ſome acquaintance with claſſical anecdotes to know that Themiſtocles was famed for his memory; the fact is recorded by Cicero, in his Dialogue de Senectute, ſc. 1. 7. by Val. Max. lib. 8. c. 7. ex 14. and by other claſſical authors.

" Read (it well deſerves the attention) that " quaint, but moſt curious and learned, wri- " ter's excellent Eſſay on Modern Garden- " ing, at the end of his Lives of the Paint- " ers." The appellation of learned is not exactly appropriate to the late Horace Walpole, who was not a man deeply verſed in what are called the learned languages, though he poſſeſſed information which was various and extenſive. Our author has choſen to give a title to one of his books, which he modeſtly forbore—he called it Anecdotes of Painting in England; our author calls it, more pompouſly, Lives of the Painters.

" See Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants, " and a long and pleaſant note, in which the " Doctor thinks it very feaſible to *manage the* " *winds*, (and every thing elſe I believe) at " *his* pleaſure, *by a little philoſophy.* I never " read any thing ſo comfortable in my life. " Martinus Scriblerus will be, after all, a le- " gitimate natural philoſopher. It appears " to me, that Dr. Darwin's *ingenious* under- " ſtanding is peculiarly adapted to ſolve the " following problem in *natural* philoſophy: " WHETHER, *the hybernal frigidity of the Anti-* " *podes, paſſing in an orthogonal line through the* " *homo-*

" *homogeneous ſolidity of the center, might warm*
" *the ſuperficial connexity of our heels by a ſoft an-*
" *tiperiſtaſis?*" I have given a tranſlation of
" this great and uſeful problem, (as the
" French Philoſopher Pantagruel is not quite
" ſo intelligible in the original,) that Dr.
" Darwin may diſcuſs it at large in the next
" edition of his Zoonomia, which is much to
" be deſired. I refer the reader to the
" Creme Philoſophique des Queſtions En-
" cyclopedique," at the end of Rabelais,
" Book 5. The *true cream* of their *mo-*
" *dern* Encyclopedie is to be found in the
" French Revolution, 1789, &c." In this
and the following note, our author, who
has lived ſome times with great people, has
caught their trifling habit of laughing at
every thing they have no taſte for, or cannot
comprehend: few people, in what is called
high life, ever treat any thing ſeriouſly;—this
faſhionable badinage has been well conceived
and expreſſed by a French female writer:
—*Emilie ignore que ce qu'on l'appelle l'uſage du*
monde conſiſte a ne s'appeſantir ſur rien, a ſe jouer
de ſes ſentimens, de ſes ridicules, des defauts de
vertus des autres, pourvu qu'on n'aille jamais aſſez
loin pour offenſer l'amour propre de perſonne, Emi-

lie & Alphonſe. Dr Darwin has ſuggeſted a hope, in his curious diſſertation on the winds, in a note to his Botanic Garden, that future ages will learn to render them of more important ſervice to mankind, by a more accurate knowledge of their cauſes and operations: who knows what philoſophy may yet accompliſh? things more improbable than this have happened: a few years ago the idea of balloons muſt have been laughed at. Let no man pretend to ſet bounds to the efforts of philoſophy: our author has no knowledge of it, and therefore ſhould not pretend to judge of its powers.

"With *the giants* on the jury, and Lord "Kenyon for the judge, there certainly "would be a verdict for the Brogdignag Gar-"deners, Knight and Price." Why ſhould this, or any other ſubject, be treated ſo conciſely, ſo ludicrouſly, and ſo ænigmatically? If our author does not comprehend the ſubject, let him be ſilent: I profeſs not to have read the diſpute, I will therefore not pretend to give my opinion; I only ſay theſe gentlemen have not been handſomely treated: I have no diſlike to ridicule or humor, but I do not think it the only weapon to be employed,

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in any caſe; becauſe it is not the teſt of what is true or right. *Horum ſimplicitas miſerabilis*, is one of the quotations of which the author has choſen to take no notice in his tranſlations, it is from Juv. Sat. 2. 18.

" I wiſh from my ſoul that all the demo-
" cracy and infidelity in the kingdom were
" buried under the great guardian oak of
" England, and the ſpirit of Mr. Knight con-
" fined in the ſtem of it. He might cry
" out as luſtily as Polydorus, and all the con-
" jurers of the Dilettanti might aſſiſt at the
" diſinchantment if they pleaſed." A pious wiſh! and then our author and his friends might have the world to themſelves. This, I ſuppoſe, is what he calls badinage; mighty pleaſant indeed: if it is metaphorical, it is what I have ſaid of one of his metaphors already; if it is ſerious, I envy not his ſpirit.

" I quote JUNIUS in Engliſh, as I would
" Tacitus or Livy in Latin. I conſider him
" as a legitimate Engliſh claſſic." To the merits of this writer's ſtile, if that is ſufficient to make him a claſſic, I heartily agree; but for any thing further, I will not praiſe him: he was a mere party man, and all his declamations, in favor of liberty and the conſtitution,

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were only meant to diſtreſs the miniſtry: when the glitter of Junius is worn off, the ſterling worth of Horne Tooke will be acknowledged; he firſt expoſed him, as he has done many other hypocrites and apoſtates—in vigor of ſtile, he was not inferior to him, in honeſty and argument, infinitely his ſuperior. Junius attacked and expoſed the groſsneſs of miniſterial corruption, a taſk not very difficult; but Horne Tooke unveiled pretended patriots, in the height of their popularity, and diſtinguiſhed between the friend of a party, and the friend of the people. One man, whoſe name was once coupled with that of liberty, lived to juſtify his early opinion of him: the ſagacity of Mr Tooke is not to be eluded—his character has ſuffered much from unmerited obloquy. I will endeavor to do him juſtice, and wreſt him from our author's malevolent gripe, in a future part of this work, where the attack on him will be examined.

" Dr GILLIES wrote the hiſtory of Greece, " &c. in a manner quite different from Mr " Gibbon. But, according to Pliny's good-" humoured obſervation; " Hiſtoria quoquo " modo ſcripta delectat." (1796.)" Our author

author has given a very ill-natured turn to Pliny's good-natured remark,* for which the Doctor will not thank him. There is indeed a wide difference between his hiſtory and Mr Gibbon's; and, for my own part, I have no doubt to which to give the preference,—yet Dr Gillies's is the moſt readable hiſtory we have of that country, as Biſhop Hurd once ſaid of Mr Hume's hiſtory of England. To the common reader, it is much more entertaining than the voluminous work of Mr Mitford—the ſtile is indeed ſomewhat meretricious, but more animated and lively than that of his rival—he is not near ſo accurate, and ſometimes confuſed in his arrangements——if the time permitted, I might point out many miſtakes. Mitford is more exact, but too minute and tedious—he has more learning than Gillies, but does not make ſo good a uſe of it, yet he is a man of much more ſolid talents—he is a bad writer, and indeed it is hardly poſſible for hiſtory to be written in a worſe ſtile; it is confuſed, perplexed, and awkward—it is heavy, laboured, and prolix—it is ungrammatical, harſh, and tedious: to read it, is like walking through

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* Plin. Epiſt. lib. 5. epiſt. 8.

a ploughed field. That ſo much matter, ſelected and arranged with much judgment, ſhould be clothed in ſo wretched a ſtile, is matter of regret to all lovers of hiſtory.—— Another fault too deſerves to be remarked, which is, his frequent alluſions to the faſhions, the manners, and the politics of the day, degrading to the dignity of his hiſtory, which is meant to be a repreſentation of ancient, not of modern times and opinions.— Our author, not having deigned to point out the difference between Dr G. and Mr Gibbon, I will endeavour to define their ſeparate merits: Dr G. is the advocate of regulated liberty—Mr Gibbon of deſpotiſm. Dr Gillies is the advocate of intelligible religion—Mr Gibbon is the apologiſt of paganiſm. Dr G. writes in a ſtile of affected—Mr Gibbon of real elegance; his epithets are appropriate, expreſſive, and lively—thoſe of Dr Gillies, generally feeble and trite. Mr Gibbon penetrates with the eye of a philoſopher into the characters and views of the perſons whoſe hiſtory he relates—Dr Gillies ſeldom ſees things beyond the ſurface, and yet he is far from deſerving our author's contemptuous and injurious treatment of him. If I

ſhould

ſhould rank Mr Gibbon in the firſt claſs of Engliſh hiſtorians, I will not heſitate to put Dr Gillies in the third.

" The epithets in the verſe are deſigned " to characterize *the writings* of Dr Gillies. " There is ſome learning, great diligence, " attention and application ; but no marks of " genius or of ſtrength in his compoſitions. " Sed tamen in Pretio. And I wiſh them to " be ſo, as the Doctor is a man of good in- " tentions, a paſſable ſcholar, an indefatigable " reader, and of moſt reſpectable character. " I ſpeak of nothing but his writings." The laſt ſentence of this note is not reconcileable with the reſt. The author tells us, he ſpeaks of nothing but Dr Gillies's writings, and yet he ſays he is a man of moſt reſpectable character —I ſuppoſe he means that being ſo much accuſtomed to find fault, he cannot be ſaid to ſpeak at all when he praiſes.

Note (*t*) p. 121. This is a very fooliſh note—thoſe of my readers who have a deſire to peruſe it, muſt turn to the original, for it is too long to inſert. The author in his preface to his tranſlations, where he attempts to defend it, ſays it is full of pleaſantry. He certainly means to be very pleaſant on Sir

James Bland Burgeſs, when he rallies him for his prudery---Sir James, however, might retort in many inſtances. The alluſion to to the child found in one of the paſſages to the Treaſury, is too trifling and ridiculous for ſo grave a work as the Purſuits of Literature.

" The Art of Political Lying indeed was " not invented by Lord North, Mr Fox, Mr " Pitt, General Fitzpatrick, or any modern " Stateſman. It is an ancient and approved " art by John Bull." Does he mean approved or uſed by John Bull?—from his words it is rather difficult to tell.

" Mr. Pye, the preſent poet Laureat, " with the beſt intentions at this momen- " tous period, if not with the very beſt " poetry, tranſlated the verſes of Tyrtæus " the Spartan. They were deſigned to pro- " duce animation throughout the kingdom, " and among *the Militia* in particular. Se- " veral of the *Reviewing* Generals (I do not " mean the Monthly or Critical) were much " impreſſed with their *weight* and import- " ance, and at a board of General Officers, " an experiment was agreed upon, which " unfortunately failed. They were read " aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham

" Downs

" Downs by the Adjutants, at the head of " five different regiments, at each camp, and " much was expected. But before they " were half-finiſhed, all the front ranks, and " as many others as were within hearing or " verſe-ſhot, dropped their arms ſuddenly, " and were *all found faſt aſleep!*" Our author's humour on the Poet Laureat's tranſlation of Tyrtæus, is in his beſt ſtile; but the idea is not new of bad writings ſetting people to ſleep. Monteſquieu, among others, has uſed it with great ſucceſs, in his Lettres Perſannes, lettre 127. Some people might ill-naturedly ſuggeſt that the author's own poetry may have the effect mentioned, of many other things preſcribed by Aretaus—it is one of thoſe noiſes to which the public have been pretty well accuſtomed. The name of eloquence ſeems to be very ill applied to the ſtile of Aretaus; it is neat, forcible, and conciſe, but theſe are not the characteriſtics of eloquence. We are told next, I ſuppoſe, of the eloquence of Euclid, or Cocker's Arithmetic. Our author has made another miſtake, in naming the year 1731 for the edition of Boerhave, which was publiſhed in 1735.

" I would by no means apply to Mr Pitt " what Spenſer ſaid of the Lord Treaſurer

" Burleigh, once Chancellor of the Univerſity
" of Cambridge, becauſe it would neither be
" true nor juſt. But the Muſe of ſatire may,
" with more reſpect and delicacy, win an
" eaſier way to the region of his ſenſibility
" in the words of a Roman poet:

" FELIX CURARUM! *cui non Heliconia cordi*
" *Serta, nec imbelles Parnaſſi e vertice laurus;*
" Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in uſus,
" Fert animus *quascunque vices!*"

The words of the unhappy Spenſer were occaſioned by the parſimony of Burleigh towards the poet, whom the Queen had commanded to be rewarded liberally: the ſtory may be ſeen in the preface to Upton's Spenſer. The quotation from Statius is not exact, the word Parnaſſi, for Parnaſi, ſpoils the verſe —the paſſage is from the Sylva, lib. 4. 4. 46.

" But I cannot purſue him through the
" integral character of Helvidius Priſcus,
" becauſe I conceive POWER, and not FAME,
" to be the principle of this mighty miniſter
" of Great-Britain." The word integral is one of our author's conceited expreſſions, and means the whole—it is now only uſed as a technical term by mathematicians.

" I alſo refer the reader to the Duke of
" Marlborough's Gems, vol. 2. engraved

" pri-

" privately, and the elegant Latin deſcrip-
" tions of them by the Rev. Dr Cole, late
" Fellow of King's College, in Cambridge."
Lamenting, as I do, with many others, the narrow, monopolizing ſpirit of excluſion, which has deprived the world at large of the pleaſure and advantage of ſtudying theſe moſt beautiful ſpecimens of ancient and modern art, by limiting the impreſſions to a ſmall number of friends, and a few public bodies, I am happy to have this opportunity of expreſſing my opinions: it may be ſaid, indeed, that the whole work, being at the option of the Duke, the public could have no claim on him to extend the impreſſions to a greater number; but by the principles both of religion and morality, a great fortune is only a truſt for the public good; all great men, therefore, ſhould conſider that the public have claims on them for which they are reſponſible, and if they employ their wealth ſolely in their own gratification, or within the narrow circle of their friends, they are guilty of a breach of truſt, for which they are ſome where or other anſwerable—this it behoves them to remember.

" He

" He is a ſcholar; *I know* him to be ſuch " and a ripe good one." A quotation from Henry VIII. act 4. ſcene 2.

" He paſſed at once to the innermoſt of " the temple, without treading the veſti- " bule." This is a ſpecimen of our author's poetical and affected language, and if this is not ſufficient, take the following:

" I perceive genius, ability, dignity, ima- " gination, and ſights more than youthful " poets ever dreamed."

" Mr Turgot, ci-devant Controller Gene- " ral of French Finance: the founder of the " modern *Oeconomick* School.—Modern State " Oeconomy ſeems to conſiſt in ſpending or " ſquandering the greateſt poſſible ſums in " the leaſt poſſible time." Turgot was one of thoſe men whoſe lives form an epoch in the hiſtory of human affairs, becauſe they are the means of introducing great changes into the ſentiments and habits of mankind. Such men may be ſaid to have lived before their time; they outſtripped the age in which they were born, and promulgated principles which are never generally or thoroughly comprehended till the authors of them have ceaſed to exiſt. Such men were Socrates,

Alfred,

Alfred, Roger Bacon, Wycliffe, Sir Thomas More, Turgot, and many others. Theſe men were formed to inſtruct future ages rather than thoſe in which they lived, ſo are all thoſe who tell us any great truths, for however ardent may be the love of novelty in things that are trifling, yet when it contradicts eſtabliſhed prejudices, it is received with averſion and diſguſt. The doctrines of all theſe men tend to ſimplify knowledge, and improve the condition of mankind.—— They teach us that men are beſt inſtructed and beſt governed by a few ſimple principles, and lead them by degrees to govern themſelves; in the times in which they lived, had a few diſciples, who were equally with themſelves the object of popular odium and contempt; but poſterity has done them ample juſtice, and ſo it will never fail to do to all thoſe who dare to utter or embrace opinions of which their own age is not worthy. But in ſpite of all theſe great men have done, it is yet a ſubject well worth enquiry whether the dominion of truth will ever be univerſal, or countries that have been once enlightened will relapſe again into the barbariſm of former times; in one part of the globe we have

ſeen

ſeen this fatally verified. The countries which were once the ſeats of liberty and ſcience have been replunged into the darkeſt ignorance, and knowledge now inhabits regions formerly ſavage and ignorant. Will liberty and truth ever reviſit the countries they have left, and be generally diffuſed over the globe, or will they vaniſh and revive alternately as they have hitherto? is a queſtion well worth an anſwer; but the ſubject is too extenſive for me to inveſtigate at preſent. I will return, therefore, to the great miniſter of finance; he was originally deſigned for the church, but having early foreſeen the danger of adopting irrevocably any particular ſet of opinions which might reſtrain his future enquiries, he explained the motives of his diſlike in a letter to his father, who kindly permitted him to decline undertaking the miniſtry; this was the firſt important act of his life, and fixed the determination of his future conduct. From that time he applied ſolely to civil concerns, and the reſult of his endeavours for the good of mankind, has been felt in many nations, and will continue to be felt while civilization continues to exiſt. I will enumerate briefly the moſt important

of

of his maxims and principles, and the moſt remarkable acts of his adminiſtration, while comptroller of the public finances: one of his favourite maxims was, that no man can do the world more good than by telling them the truth without exaggeration or diſguiſe; he was deeply impreſſed with the importance of juſtice, as a principle of human conduct in all our concerns; and though he did not puſh it to the extent which a living philoſopher has done, he ſaw in part what the other has diſplayed more extenſively: as a friend to the full and public examination of all opinions, he became a contributor to the Encyclopedie, in which he wrote the articles Fair, Foundation, Etymology, Expanſibility, and Exiſtence: he firſt attacked the reſtraints upon commerce, which had been impoſed by his predeceſſor Colbert, and promulgated the principles of a free trade, ſince more fully developed by his cotemporary Smith; he firſt turned the attention of men to the advantages of agriculture over the purſuits of ambition or avarice, and on this principle he was decidedly hoſtile to extenſive foreign commerce, to the ſubjugation of colonies, and to the ſlave trade: he regarded with a paternal

eye even the ſlighteſt wants and comforts of the people; his great principle was the poſſibility of the utmoſt improvement of mankind, and to this all his endeavours were directed; this was the conſtant object of his thoughts, and the continual endeavour of his adminiſtration: to him France was indebted for the abolition of the Corvee, or right of making the poor work on the high roads; this he commuted by an equal tax on all property, except that of the church, which could not then be touched: to him was due alſo the abolition of the Jurandes, or companies of mechanics, whoſe excluſive privileges prevented all thoſe who did not belong to them from exerciſing any art or trade; in every department of the State he had projected, and in ſome begun reforms, but he went too faſt for the ſpirit of the times, and was diſmiſſed. Yet on the whole, he was one of the moſt virtuous and enlightened men and miniſters that ever conducted the affairs of any country. Our author has been pleaſed to call him the founder of the modern œconomical ſchool; if he means he was the firſt of modern œconomic miniſters

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he may be right ;* but if he means he was the founder of that ſect who are called œconomiſts, he is miſtaken. Their founder was Quernai, or as Adam Smith calls him, the ingenious and profound author of that ſyſtem. The object of theſe men was to exalt the merits of agriculture above thoſe of manufactures, and turn the attention of mankind principally to the former, as the means of introducing a more ſimple and artleſs ſyſtem of ſociety. Smith has pointed out what he conceives their errors, and errors no doubt they are, according to the preſent ſtate of things; but their plans are adapted to other manners and other times: he has acknowledged all their merits, and ſpoken gently of their faults; their ſyſtem, if not practicable, is at leaſt benevolent. Mr Turgot was by no means a conſtant adherent to theſe principles. Our author, however, after having complimented him on this ſubject, ſays in the ſame breath, that modern ſtate œconomy conſiſts in ſpending money.† Surely this is

* The firſt œconomic miniſter of France was Suger, the miniſter of Louis VII.

† This account of Turgot is taken from Condorcet's Life of him.

a confeſſion not very favourable to modern miniſters, and enough to make an honeſt man a patriot.

" " Till anarchy expire."—In the juſt and " inevitable, but moſt fatal and moſt tremen- " dous war in which we are engaged, and " in which all Europe has bled, and yet " bleeds in every vein and artery, the firſt " object we look for is, *a ſtability of peace.* " But no ſtability can as yet be found in all " the convulſive labours of the ſanguinary " nation. That modern Gallick *Julia* has " done nothing but conceive one mis-ſhapen " lump after another, in the fœculency of " her political womb; conception upon con- " ception, abortion upon abortion: and what " can we ſay,

" " Cum tot abortivis fœcundam Julia vulvam
" Solveret, et patruo ſimiles effunderet offas." * "

" We muſt, I fear, yet wait a ſeaſon; " (May 1796) † and whatever we have paid,

* Juv. Sat. 2. v. 32.

† We muſt ſay *the ſame now, Dec.* 31, 1796.—We have a little more hope *now*, Auguſt 1797.—It has *now* again vaniſhed (November 1797.)—I can ſay nothing at preſent, (Feb. 1798.)

" or

" or muſt ſtill pay, muſt be conſidered as
" the αντιλυτρον, the great price of delivery and
" redemption from ſlavery, revolution,
" French anarchy, and the diſruption of ſo-
" cial order; when the earth is burſting
" aſunder, and hell yawning from beneath;
" or in language, which Edmund Burke
" alone could reproduce in Engliſh,

" Αναῤῥηγνυμενης εκ Βαθρων γης, αυτε τε γυμνεμενε Ταρταρε."

" And what wonder? It is Longinus who
" ſpeaks of Homer. * (1796.)"—Should any one yet have doubts as to the juſtice and neceſſity of the preſent war on the part of this country, I will refer him to Mr Francis's pamphlet, the Queſtion as it ſtood in March, 1798; a pamphlet to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away, without injury to the language and the ſpirit; a pamphlet which is unanſwered and unanſwerable, for it has left the ſubject exhauſted: on the part of our allies, the affair admitted of fewer pretences—their object could not be diſguiſed: the example of a limited monarchy riſing up ſo near them, was not to be tolerated; it might teach their own ſubjects the

* Long. de Subl. Sect. 9.

ſame

ſame dangerous leſſon, and was, therefore, at all events, to be deſtroyed. This was the origin of the war, on their part, and ſtill continues to be its object: the reſtoration of the old monarchy is avowed on all hands, and on this point the parties are at iſſue; how near it is being decided, and what will be the event of the conteſt, there are different opinions—ſome believe the reſtoration of monarchy is at hand,—others believe it to be yet very diſtant,—and others, impoſſible: in my opinion, the late change of affairs has put it beyond all doubt. The new government will form a reſting place for the nation for many ages yet to come: the former tranſition from deſpotiſm to democracy was too ſudden; the majority of the people was not prepared for any thing ſo violent; the habits and prejudices of mankind are not to be ſo ſuddenly removed,—the progreſs muſt be much more gentle. The experience of ten years has proved that the French are not yet prepared for a free government,—and it will be at leaſt ten years more before they are; yet the revolution of principles is completely eſtabliſhed. Intereſt has attached many to the new ſtate of things who act upon no

other

other motive—others, after having ſuffered ſo violent a change, are unwilling to riſk the evils they foreſee on a reſtoration of monarchy; though they cannot eaſily give up their old habits,—their religion, their churches, and their ceremonies. Theſe men will be eaſily attached to any government which gives them toleration and ſecurity. There are ſome ardent republicans, who, thinking no good is to be obtained but by puſhing things to extremities, will be unwilling to ſubmit to any modification of their principles, and conſequently averſe to the new conſtitution, as entrenching upon the rights of the people, and containing much ariſtocratical power, and many ariſtocratical forms. Theſe men will be at firſt refractory; but, if they are either wiſe or honeſt, will yield their opinions and their ſubmiſſion, when they ſee the new government able and willing to afford general protection to perſons and property. On this principle all but the reſtleſs, miſchievous Jacobin and haughty Royaliſt, will render unfeigned obedience to a government which ſtudies to unite all intereſts, though it cannot command all ſuffrages; and in a few years the republic will be fixed beyond the reach of danger.

danger. Had the late change not happened, it is not hazarding too much to ſay, that the nation, wearied out with contending factions, muſt have ſought repoſe in monarchy, as the laſt reſource of its miſery; but the wiſdom and vigor of two individuals have ſaved it from the horrors of another revolution, and given it a government which unites the advantages of monarchy and repreſentation, without the dangers of hereditary power,—which ſecures the rights of thoſe who have property and thoſe who have no property,—which excludes the projects of the factious, though it leaves a road open to thoſe who are honorably ambitious, and makes peace the firſt of its deſigns. Let it be remembered, that I do not ſpeak of the beſt poſſible government—of ſuch a one as the French might expect after all their ſacrifices and all their ſufferings; but of ſuch a government as may be moſt likely to give protection and ſecurity, and to unite all parties: not ſuch as may be beſt in theory—but the beſt they can bear at preſent. This conſideration may diſappoint the ſanguine hopes of the friends of liberty, but it ought not to make them deſpond,—it may induce them to conſider whether

whether their expectations have not been premature, as to events which proceed much ſlower than they are willing to ſuppoſe in the common progreſs of human affairs,—it may induce them to review calmly and deliberately all that is paſt, and teach them to be ſatisfied with a government which ſecures many great points, and leaves untouched all that has been acquired: yet there are men in this country who have omitted no opportunity to vilify the new government and its authors, in terms the moſt indecent and opprobrious. I will aſk them, if it is either wiſe or honeſt to reject a government which promiſes, and has already produced much practical good, merely becauſe it was not eſtabliſhed by means exactly conformable to their ideas of right? to puſh any theoretical principle to ſuch an extent as to make it the *ſine qua non* of human happineſs, and to refuſe all the comforts of ſociety, becauſe they do not ſtrictly emanate from the ſource they have choſen to admire—ſuch conduct is more like that of a froward child than of men who pretend to wiſh for the happineſs of ſociety: yet this government, now ſo much reviled, becauſe it diſappoints the hopes of the roy-

aliſt and the ſpeculative philoſoper, will anſwer many ends of practical utility, and form the firſt ſtage in the progreſs of man from poſitive degradation to the utmoſt poſſible ſtate of improvement: it originated in force—for the experience of the world affords no other mode of counteracting force; but it is adminiſtered by wiſdom and benevolence. Thus has the modern Julia, after many a miſhapen abortion, brought forth at laſt a healthy and legitimate child. Here then we ſtop and look down, as from an eminence, on all that has paſſed. Should it be aſked, what the French have gained by their famous revolution, to balance againſt all they have ſuffered? it will be found, on an accurate and impartial ſurvey, that they have been greatly gainers in political, civil, and religious liberty; in moral* melioration, and ſocial comfort.

* When I ſpeak of the morality of France, I do not eſtimate it by the manners of the metropolis or the purity of its miniſters of ſtate, any more than I do in this country; but by the manners of the middle ranks,—the inhabitants of the provinces; theſe, ſince the revolution, are increaſed in number and conſequence,—the peaſant is raiſed from the condition of a ſlave to the rank of a man, and the farmers and merchants have increaſed in value, as trade and agriculture

fort. Our author's ſentiments in this note, I have choſen to combat, not becauſe they contain either argument or truth; but becauſe they are delivered in a ſtile of coarſe raillery, which will always find ſome admirers, though his language hardly deſerves notice. Where he has been taught to ſpell *feculency* with an æ diphthong, he beſt knows; the Latin word from whence it is derived is ſpelt with an *æ*, *fæculentus*; but, perhaps, after all, he means *fœcundity*. The alternations of our author's hopes and fears are entertaining, they riſe and fall like the quickſilver in a barometer; ſo that if the war laſts much longer, the poor man's nerves will be ſhook into a palſy. His αντιλυτρον is taken from 1 Tim. ii. ver. 6. and his *yawning hell* from Iſa. xiv. 9.

" John Hatſell, Eſq; the very learned, " polite, and reſpectable Clerk of the Houſe " of Commons. 1796.—This accompliſh- " ed gentleman has lately reſigned his " office, with that propriety and diſcern- " ment of time, and circumſtance, and of " the " ætatis inſidiæ," which have uniform- " ly diſtinguiſhed his very uſeful and ho-

ture have become more honorable; and all of them, feeling an advance in their ſtation of life, are better qualified to fulfil the relative duties it impoſes.

" nourable life in public office. *Quando ullum* " *invenient parem!*"—Our author is ſo accuſtomed to quote, that he can with difficulty write three lines of Engliſh together. He has hardly any ſtile of his own; it is patched throughout with quotations; for, from the title-page to that which I have now before me, 133, there is but one, 46, which is not profuſely ſtrewed with this learned ſeaſoning, which, for moſt palates not entirely depraved, is too poignant: a little of it now and then is pardonable and pleaſant; but when it is laid on with ſo heavy a hand, it deſtroys the pleaſure it was intended originally to create.—Quando ullum invenient parem. Hor. Od. lib. 1, 24. v. 8. This is no compliment to his ſucceſſors.

" Mr Hatſell will excuſe me for *adapting* " to him *in this reſpect* a few words from " Quintilian. " Monumenta rerum poſteris " quærentibus tradidit. Frequentabunt ejus " domum optimi juvenes, et veram viam, " velut ex oraculo, petent. Hos ille forma- " bit ut vetus gubernator, littora et portus, " et quid ſecundis flatibus, quid adverſis, " ratis poſcat, docebit, et communi ductus " officio et amore quodam operis." Quintil.

" lib.

" lib. 12. c. xi. ſ. 1.—Mr Hatſell will not " ſuſpect the hand which has paid this tri- " bute to his character end his merits. " (Auguſt 1797.)"—The author has here, for the firſt time, made the diſtinction between adapting and quoting literally.—— Whatever Mr Hatſell may be, Quintilian is certainly not much indebted to him, for he has mangled a very fine paſſage, to adapt it to his purpoſe.

" He uſed to leave his Tuſculum, the ſeat " of Steevens and of wiſdom, at Hampſtead, " between four and five o'clock every morn- " ing, to reviſe the proof-ſheets of the laſt " edition of Shakeſpeare, 1793, in 15 vol. " 8vo. at his friend Reed's chambers. I " heard of nothing elſe at the time."— Neither from Mr Steevens, nor from his friends, did he ever hear of it, for he had not the honor of their acquaintance: yet was he for ever prying after anecdotes of them, as of other literary men, whoſe reputation made him jealous and uneaſy. Mr Steevens is now no more; and after his private character the public have no right to enquire, that was only of any conſequence while he was alive. His conduct, it is true,

was

was not pure, nor his morals irreproachable; but let us ſpare his failings, may they be buried with him—his literary character alone now belongs to the public. As a commentator on Shakeſpeare, he holds the firſt rank after Johnſon, for his remarks were only on words, Johnſon's on ideas; Mr Steevens's knowledge of old Engliſh authors, was various, extenſive, and accurate—but all his learning was more converſant about words than ideas; his memory was comprehenſive, but his powers of thinking were neither deep nor ſtrong; and, indeed, he deſpiſed all works of deep thought. His talents were of the lighter kind, but they were lively, elegant, and ingenious; for few men excelled him in ſportive ſallies of humour, in quick conception of character, or the dangerous talent of ridiculing the foibles and weakneſſes of others. He was, in fine, a poliſhed gentleman, and an elegant ſcholar; but his memory will periſh with him, for, except his laborious notes on Shakeſpeare, he has left few acknowledged works that can raiſe any high idea of his learning, his virtues, or his talents.

" Earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap," is from Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, v. 1041.

Note *(pp)* page 137. The whole ſtory of the Ireland MSS. being now dead and buried, there it may reſt for me. After all the lumber and traſh that have been raked together *pro* and *con.* on this ſubject, there were but three things needful to decide the doubt: to read Vortigern and to read Shakeſpeare, and then pronounce

" Της Φυσεως γραμματευς ην, τον καλαμον αποδρεχων εις " Νυν. Suidas de Vet. Auct." This was written of Ariſtotle.

" I have written this whole paſſage in the " Poem and the Notes, *to perpetuate the memo-* " *ry* of this extraordinary event in literary " hiſtory, which ſeems to be paſſing into " oblivion.—I cannot think that any ſubject " relating to Shakſpeare ſhould be wholly " diſregarded. (1790.)" This Shakeſpeare controverſy and the Purſuits of Literature will in a little time be forgotten together,—they are neither of them worthy of remembrance.

" I allude to Dr. Parr's Controverſy with " Dr Coombe, critick and man-midwife, a- " bout Horace. It ſeems Dr. Parr was angry " that he did not aſſiſt the little critick man- " midwife at the labour, " rite *maturos* aperire " partus." Dr Combe, we might ſafely pro-

nounce

nounce, is no friend of our author's. This ſneer is another proof that he attacks no man as an individual; Dr Coombe, however, was certainly not ſuited to be an editor of Horace, and he has proved it as well as Dr Parr. The quotation is from Horace, Carm. Sec. 13.

" Mr. Pitt patronizes *muſical* performances " on the principle of *the gods* according to " Plato; but with Apollo, Dionuſus is not " forgotten. " Οι Θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων (ſome " MS. inſert πιλιτικον) επιπονον πεφυκος γενος, τας Μουσας " και Απολλωνα και Διονυσον ξυνεορτασταs εδοσαν." Plat. " de Legibus. l. 2.‡ In Mr. Pitt's *musical* " miniſtry, the famous terms of the Εκλυσις " and the Εκβολη of Bacchius and Ariſtides are " familiar and *much uſed* by this great *modern* " *artiſt*. The Ψαλμος Αντιφθογγος (ſee Anthenæus " L. 14. p. 635.) between Mr. Pitt and Lord " Thurlow was much admired by the Cabi- " net about the year 1794."—This pompous note is ſolely added to diſplay our author's learning. Dionuſus is a conceited expreſſion for Bacchus: it is Greek, but it is not Engliſh.

‡ Plat. Op. Ed. Serrani Tom 2. p. 653.

" But

" But, in my opinion, the lovers of litera-
" ture would be infinitely more obliged to
" him, or to any other illuſtrious critick, for
" a new edition of the *Greek Bibliotheca of*
" *Photius*, which abounds with the moſt cu-
" rious and valuable Excerpta of Writers,
" whoſe integral works are loſt for ever.
" At preſent it is troubleſome even to read
" the remains of the laborious erudition of
" the Patriarch of Byzantium. (1796.)"—
Though ſuch a taſk might ſuit a man like our author, yet his country have greater claims on the Greek profeſſor: they expect from him ſome work of more extenſive utility,—languages are only the means, not the end of knowledge, and it is much to be lamented that ſo much time has unavoidably been conſumed in reſtoring the text of antient authors; yet much might have been ſpared: in ſuch a caſe, it could not be more uſeleſsly employed. Photius was one of the lights of a dark age, but thoſe lights are now eclipſed by brighter luminaries,—ſuch authors are hardly worth the trouble that muſt be beſtowed in illuſtrating them; they contain little that can advance the knowledge or the happineſs of mankind,—it may gratify

the vanity of pedants to talk of them, but time is much better ſpent in the ſtudy of more elegant and finiſhed writers.

Having now fulfilled another part of my promiſe, I withdraw, for the preſent, from our author and the public, and leave them to meditate on his malignity, partiality, and pedantry. I have yet much of the ſame ſort of matter to recur to, and it is a taſk I undertake more from a regard to truth and juſtice, than from any pleaſure which I find or expect in the proſecution of my reſearches.

Morpeth, December 28, 1799.

ADDITIONS.

1.

Vide p. 18.

OUR author has informed us that Mr Pope reſted a long time in pure deſcription before he took his proper ſtation: if he means before he became a ſatiriſt, he is partly right; but if he means before he publiſhed any work which required the powers of judgment, he is miſtaken, for his Eſſay on Criticiſm, which ſhews his talent for ſatire, and which

which alſo is a ſingular effort of judgment at ſo early a period, was publiſhed before he arrived at the age of twenty-one years.

Vide p. 33. The lines in which Horace has pronounced this irreverſible ſentence are, Serm. 1. 8. 39. but whether they apply to Mr Hayley or no, it will be worth while to examine. In the firſt place the ſentence of Horace ſeems to be too limited, and, if it be allowable to appeal from ſuch a judge, it will be found that he has reſtrained the name of poetry to three ſorts—epic, tragic, and lyric. The *os magna ſonaturum* certainly applies to none elſe—it does not include many ſorts which had been written in his own time, nor ſome that have been invented ſince by the moderns—it does not include deſcriptive, didactic, nor pathetic poetry, in the laſt ſpecies of which may be ranked the ſonnet, the invention of modern times, which, though not always, has generally a plaintive tendency: the truth is this, there is a language, and a ſpecies of ideas, peculiar to poetry, which diſtinguiſh it from proſe, and are ſufficient to give it the name of poetry. —To this praiſe Mr Hayley is entitled, for though his ſubjects are not conſtantly poetical,

yet his language and ideas are highly ſo—his Triumphs of Temper is his only work which has all the requiſites of poetry: there are many paſſages in his Eſſays, it is true, which, independent of the language, might be reduced to proſe, and ſo there are in all didactic poems; but there are alſo others ſo highly poetical, as to retain their ſpirit after every proceſs of criticiſm.—I will only ſpecify his character of Hume in his Eſſay on Hiſtory; and in his Eſſay on Poetry, the character of Arioſto, and the Apoſtrophe to his Mother. Many other there are in his didactic works which might be ſelected, equally poetical both in language and ideas. Mr Hayley certainly does not hold the firſt rank among poets, nor perhaps the ſecond, yet he has many claims to poetical fame—his lines are frequently feeble and proſaic, and his ideas ſometimes quaint, yet he has feeling, taſte, and elegance of invention, delicacy of ſentiment, and poetic imagery——he ſeldom riſes to the grandeur or the beauties of the ancient, and of many modern poets, yet he is not without ſome portion of poetic fire and heavenly inſpiration, that peculiar animation of thought

thought and language which diſtinguiſhes poets from the humbler inventors in proſe—his notes to his various poems are a rich treaſure of elegant information, a cabinet of curioſities, ſelected with the pureſt taſte, and derived from hidden and neglected ſources. This, I truſt, is ſufficient to ſhew the injuſtice, ignorance, and partiality, with which our author has ſo confidently given his judgment —let him be cautious, in future, before he pronounces ſo deciſively.

Vide p. 46. The author not having been pleaſed to inform us where this opinion of Mirabeau is recorded, I for one muſt take the liberty of doubting its authenticity, till he points out the book and page wherein it is to be found, which every man ought to do who makes uſe of the words of another; but as I have before experienced his talent for invention, I have little doubt the words are, in part at leaſt, his own. Mirabeau had too much prudence publicly to uſe the word Revolution, before the event—he was too well acquainted with human nature: the paſſage therefore, at preſent, to thoſe who do not remember from whence it is quoted, reſts on our author's authority ſolely.

Vide

Vide p. 58. Our author ſpeaks rather too favorably of this gentleman's talents, he is an induſtrious antiquary, but a dull, tedious, and inelegant writer;—he has collected, with painful induſtry, in his book on the antient ſtatutes, a variety of information relating to his ſubject, but he has omitted to remark many of our early laws, which are curious and illuſtrative of antient times; and he is often, like many other antiquaries, too minute, trifling, and verboſe. I will not ſay of them all that * Mr Pinkerton has ſaid, but I will ſay, that they are, in general, men of little talents and trifling purſuits—there are few philoſophical antiquaries, ſuch as Monteſquieu, Robertſon, and Stuart.—There are paſſages in this work which deſerve particular attention, ſuch as the reflections on Primogeniture and the Law of Entails, 128.—on the propriety of conſidering the intention of a teſtator in preference to legal formality, 502.—on the dangers of a ſeries of able monarchs, p. 347. ed. 1775.—on ſlavery, p. 311.—his teſtimony to the accuracy of Voltaire, 293.—his account of the origin of the enmity between us and the French

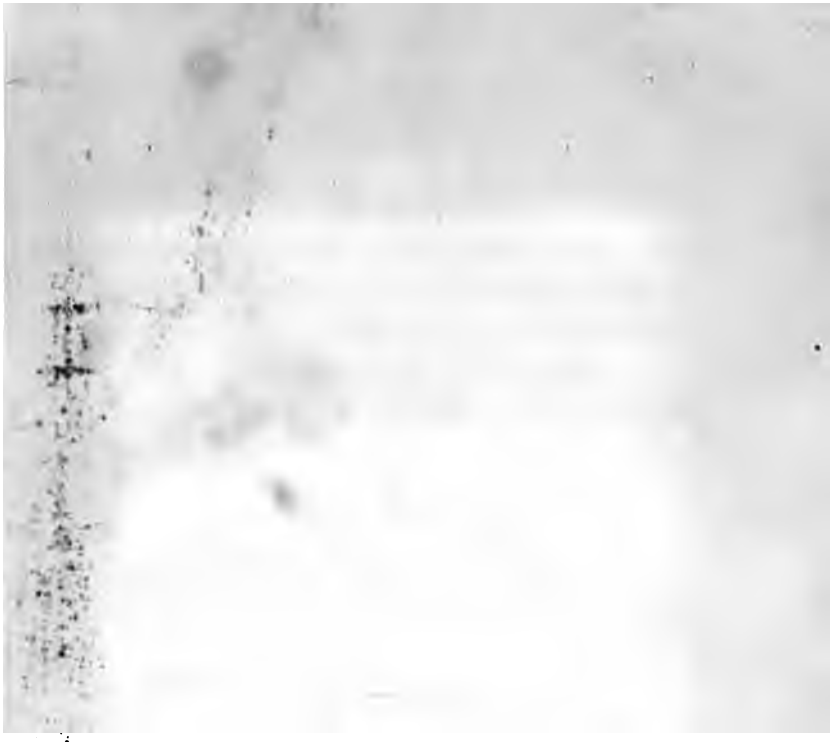
* Enquiries into the Hiſtory of Scotland.

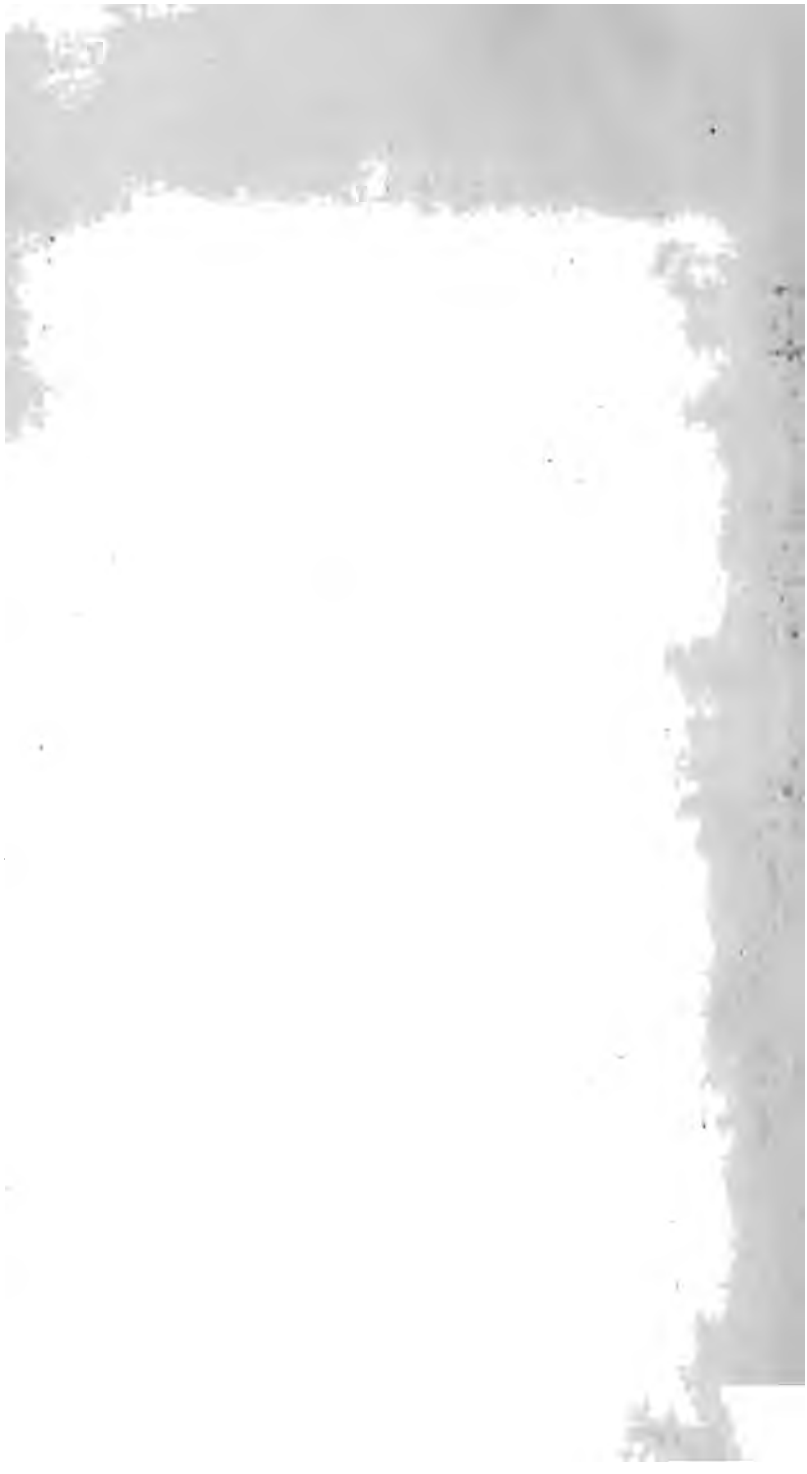
French, p. 64.—and his remarks on the character of Henry the 8th, 522. Beſides theſe, there are many things curious to an antiquary which thoſe, who think it worth their trouble, may find in various parts of the book, which is, on the whole, rather curious and entertaining, than either judicious or elegant.

Vide p. 69. Among the works not acknowledged by Mr Steevens, but known to be his, are ſome ſevere lines written on two well-known characters at Cambridge, in 1783, and the celebrated Tranſlations of the Marmor Hardiknutianum, which appeared in the European Magazine for April 1788 or 1789, and originated in a trick he put upon a well-known antiquary, for whom he had a particular diſlike and hatred: ſo theſe may be added, numberleſs ſquibs in the St James's Chronicle, till his quarrel with Mr Baldwin, the publiſher.

Finis.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne:—Printed by M. Brown.





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